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JANUARY 1903.

THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE THEATRE.

BY MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

I HAVE often heard people deny the moral influence of the theatre, but I find it undeniable. This influence has existed from all time, and never in my opinion has it been anything but beneficial. Beneficial it must always be to see the evolution of the human soul, and the more intelligently this evolution of the human soul is shown, the more effectual is the lesson drawn by those privileged to witness it.

We all know that a single illustration is worth more than a hundred axioms, and if only from this point of view the theatre is a potent school of morality; and the awakening of sympathy by seeing the drama of the lives of others prevents the stultification arising from a self-centred life.

In spite of the tendency of certain *littérateurs* to lower this sublime art, it remains erect, alive, poetic, enchanting, evoking, and instructing. Yes, I maintain it is, above all, instructing, for the theatre is not only a delightful pleasure—it is vivid and conclusive—vivid by force of the *mises en scène*, which intensify the emotions, and conclusive with the action, which marks a fact so much more than merely reading of it.

The theatre is the temple of all the arts which beautify life, and it is in this that its power lies. For whereas a library, a picture gallery, or a concert hall, each enthroning its respective art, has each its particular admirers, the theatre by the service of literature, the fine arts, and music, has a stronger claim upon human sympathy, and thus obtains a wider hearing.

To me the theatre seems like a kaleidoscope whose moving

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facets show an attentive public the baseness, the crimes, the vices, the weaknesses of humanity, the faults of civilisation, and the absurdities of society. And it is this same movement, which whilst showing the evil shows the cause of the evil, that is such a fascinating feature of the theatre. Thus the spectator, being brought face to face with his conscience, profits by the lesson given, and such spectators can be numbered by thousands.

It is quite certain that all spectators do not profit by the teaching of the theatre to the same degree. The public is composed of heterogeneous elements; there are the intellectual, the sceptics, the simple, the material, and the impersonal. Well, I maintain that all find some instruction. The intellectual experience from the beginning a real pleasure in unravelling the idea of the author, in studying the philosophical side of the work. They seek to understand the state of mind of the characters presented to them, and they precede the course of the piece and arrive at the *dénouement* with the author. However, the work sometimes takes a different turn, and then the intellectual is taken aback at finding himself faced by a solution for which his logic had not prepared him. It is then quite an effort to follow the author's conclusions. But as the intellectual man is honest, independent, and not one-sided, he sees that the author has extended his subject beyond what he had thought possible, and he feels that it is only a case of a march having been stolen upon him. Then he gives all the force of his intelligence to the comprehension of the new view, he diligently weighs all the circumstances of the case, and after deep study of this other side of the question, he acknowledges the justice of the author's conclusion, and has thereby learnt a lesson. The sceptics are perhaps those who interest themselves most in fresh ideas for the pure joy of first utterly refuting them, and then contesting them. But the sceptics do their part in the progress of art, for the very heat of their opposition forwards the fruit of success, and the zest with which they oppose an original idea proves propagating to the doctrine.

Nothing is so chilling to art as neglect, and at least the sceptics do not sin in this respect—their interest is very sincere albeit unsympathetic. In spite of what sceptics may think I believe that they learn a lesson even in the struggle against ideas which they cannot accept, and useful as they may believe themselves to be in combating unfamiliar ideas their very objections from the old points of view often serve but to throw fresh light upon the

new. They illustrate the truth of the old German proverb 'One man's opinion is no opinion, we must hear that of two.'

The *naïfs* are a more simple class. They take all for Gospel truth; they see nothing of the philosophy of the work, but they reflect the same emotions; and they vow to avoid the circumstances which would put them in a similar situation—they have learnt their lesson, and it is a refreshing one.

The uncultured only see the brutal fact, they ignore the *why*, they are oblivious of the *because*, they do not reason about the conclusion, they have simply been struck by the fact. And as a blow leaves its mark, the fact leaves a recollection, and the lesson is in proportion to the power of the mind. Everything is relative, is it not?

Then there is the public, so impersonal and impulsive when it is a question of art that it never errs. Pliable and easily led in matters of politics or religion, it is incapable of discovering truth for itself, it has no capacity for search, but it has a true instinct for the recognition of what is presented as true, and this recognition, I repeat, is unerring with respect to art. Hence it is the public which profits the most by the benefits and the evocative instruction of the theatre. It harnesses itself to the chariots of the elect and transports them through the winds and storms of opposition to the peaceful plains of approbation. The public represents the mind in its natural condition—generous, ingenuous, susceptible, and open to every noble and idealistic appeal. Free of all *arrière-pensées* of jealousy or malice, it responds at once to the appeal of a fine sentiment. The public is always the first to recognise a great actor, and the way in which it enters into a piece is so pure, so amusing, so perfect. The evidence of its acceptance of the lesson of the drama is seen in the simple way it hisses vice, applauds virtue, and bewails misfortune.

Then what intense pleasure we have in seeing an historical piece well played! Not only do the characters act, walk, and talk before our eyes in the costumes they wore at the time, but we see them surrounded by the objects which were dear to them, and moving about amid furniture familiar to their age. Seeing an historical character represented thus in his own atmosphere is naturally of tenfold more interest than merely reading in a history a bald account of the life of the person in question. The mere mention of the deed which made him celebrated makes but little impression on us, and it would require much research to

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form a correct idea of his habits, character, and tastes, whereas the immediate insight given thereto on the stage makes us at once feel in sympathy with him.

The historical characters in such well-known plays as Sardou's 'La Patrie' and 'Les Premières Armes de Figaro,' seen upon the stage in the environment of their period, have a very real effect upon us.

Do not, however, think that I mean that the teaching of the theatre is superior to the teaching of classes and books; no—I simply mean that the dramatic art is the supplement of history and philosophy, and it is a powerful aid to the development of the love of the good and the beautiful to which history and philosophy introduce us.

To the intensely intellectual the appeal to the imagination alone may be sufficient in history, but it is an undoubted fact that the characters theatrically represented by Shakespeare, Schiller, Goethe, and all the other great dramatists are of a more real and living interest to us than when we only read of them.

Philosophy, moreover, is valuable, valuable indeed to the reflective, and valuable as the base of human morality. But it is only the studious who seek the truths in the works of such deep thought; whereas all are interested in the representation of a piece which illustrates the truth of a philosophy. Goethe's philosophy without 'Faust' would have been known only to the few, whilst now his philosophy and the lesson to be drawn therefrom are of world-wide repute.

Sight and hearing are such aids to the power of the intellect that one piece theatrically represented is of more value than volumes of written truths. It is not so easy to make the city of a human being's intelligence surrender by appearing at the gate of one sense as it is by storming three.

The theatre is a temple in which the adepts cherish the sacred fire of art—Art under all its forms, Art in all its manifestations. Art, and her younger sister Science, seem to me the two mighty creations of the human race—the sublimest manifestations of the goodness of the Creator.

Art and science seem to me as necessary to life as air, water, and sun. Science prolongs life, and art intensifies and charms it! What pleasure would there be in living a few more years if these years were not enriched a hundredfold by our faculties of admiration? Art gives the joy of life. Science withdraws the fear of

death. Joy gives health, and health gives good will. Science and art are the beneficial sources of human existence. Let me now enlarge a little upon these axioms, which may not commend themselves to all.

Yes, art gives the joy of life. Art opens the door of the ideal without which this life of ours would be so *terre à terre* that it would signify little to us if we lived or died. Art is the faculty of realising sentiments and representing beauties which transport us beyond this world of ours, and this faculty is the elixir of life. Not long ago I heard that a man well known in political life, and not without fame as an author, wrote to a friend saying :

When I see how perfectly you are in accord with my sense of duty to my country, and with my ideal of life, I am happy, in spite of all that the materialists may say. But I sometimes fear that we may be but two fanatics for the ideal. However, is not our ideal the life eternal, sweet, enriched, and full of joy ?

All art, I say, which echoes sentiments as exalted as that of this writer is fine, for is it not in the representation of such sentiments upon the stage that the faith is strengthened, and one no longer feels alone ? Is it not, as this man evidently means, enough to make one think oneself mad if one's ideas are never echoed and one speaks a language that is not understood ? Then it is that art plays her part, when she proves that, even if misunderstood in this world, patriotism and self-sacrifice still belong to the things everlasting.

Then are we not indebted to science for lessening the fear of death ? Is it not true that it is thanks to science that we need not think we are going to die directly we find ourselves upon a bed of suffering ? And even when it comes to a question of death science can reduce the acuteness of agony. It is, moreover, no mere figure of speech to say that joy gives health. How often have we seen this miracle performed by joy ! Was not the English poetess, Mrs. Barrett Browning, always an invalid on the sofa until the joy of being loved by the man who became her husband utterly transformed her and made her capable of living an ordinary life ? I think all my readers will agree in my statement that health induces kindliness, for is it not very difficult to be sympathetic and good to others when suffering any pain ?

So when I say that science and art are the beneficial sources of human existence, I mean that they have the moral influence upon humanity which helps them to the good and the beautiful of life.

I myself am passionately attached to all the arts—would that

I had more time to pursue them ! But the theatre is the love of my life, for I find the theatre the meeting place of all the arts. As a complete human being represents the faculties of all the senses, so a good theatre represents the service of all the arts. I first realised my taste in this direction when I was quite a young girl at school, for when there was any talk of one of those little representations common to a convent *pension*, I felt in the seventh heaven of delight. The drawbacks and difficulties of the *pension* vanished. I lived only in the character I had to represent, I was another being. I know now that these sentiments were the first signs of my innate love for the stage, for indeed my vocation must have been innate, as it received no encouragement from my family. Quite the contrary, and it was rather with the disapproval of my people that I made my *début* as Iphigénie at the Comédie-Française with Madame Devoyard as Clytemnestre. I knew nobody in the company beyond Coquelin, who was as kind to me then as he had been at the Conservatoire. I do not recollect experiencing any strong emotions beyond that of great fear, but I remember that when I held up my long thin arms for the sacrifice the audience burst out laughing.

Even now when I play I feel nervous, particularly when it is a new piece. For there is something terrifying in feeling you have to gain the sympathy of a whole audience by sheer force of will. The applause is then a real tonic to my power, and fortified by the feeling that my sentiments are shared, I proceed with fresh courage, and my fear of failure vanishes. Well do I remember the thrilling feeling of my first real theatrical triumph. It was at the Odéon, when I was Zacharie in 'Athalie,' and the part appealed to all the religious and patriotic sentiments of my soul. The glow of my enthusiasm kindled the audience until it burst into a very fire of sympathetic applause, which warmed my heart and made it beat with satisfaction at having made a real sensation. Such success irradiates many days of work, and work there ever must be for an actress, without always any ultimate certainty of success. Filled with enthusiasm for the rôle of Anne Damby in Alexandre Dumas' 'Kean,' then in preparation at the Odéon, I learnt the part, and then at the suggestion of Duquesnel, one of the managers of the theatre, I bearded Dumas in his den to ask him for the rôle. The great man listened, looked at me, and said I would do very nicely, but unfortunately he had promised the part to another, and even to another in default of

her. Then I said: 'As you have promised the part to two, you may just as well promise it to three.' Knowing the part well, I then proceeded to recite it to him, and I begged to be allowed at least to rehearse the part, if only for a week. Finally Dumas relented sufficiently to let me rehearse the rôle for a few days. That was my chance, and, as fortunately my conception of the part produced quite a sensation at the rehearsals, I was finally engaged for the run of the piece, and I was declared to be a great success.

The theatre is a necessity—it has existed from all time under different aspects. As all souls feel the need of praying to God or to a god, so all minds need an expression of their dreams, legends, and past history. We have to go very far back to find in antiquity the first vestiges of the theatre, for even amid savage folk we see the need of expression.

I was once at a *fête* given in my honour by the wild Iroquois in Canada. Nothing could have been more expressive than this war-dance, with its cries, howls, shouts of victory, sobs, wails of the vanquished, and feints of slaughter and butchery. The whole was accompanied by awful sounds from the most primitive musical instruments, but the music was expressive even in its frightfulness, lugubriousness, and stridency. . . . All those who were with me at this savage *fête* seemed, like me, to have a sudden vision of a struggle between Europeans and Iroquois, in which of course the Europeans were vanquished, tortured, and finally massacred.

Well, this savage mimicry was so effective, there was so much hostility in the *danse Macabre* of these poor creatures, it was so expressive of the past, the dark and lowering glances of this band of savages betrayed such a deep hatred of us, that the pity with which they inspired me soon took a higher and a nobler form. How these poor Indians must have suffered to hate so much! And all that I knew of the dreadful war waged against them, the robberies, oppressions, and perjuries of their conquerors, rose up before me until the revenge of their hatred seemed to be but just. It was thus that I learnt a lesson from the artistic, albeit coarse representation of these unhappy creatures.

The theatre has been instructive from all time, and it is ever the scene of progress, revolutionary, artistic, and poetic.

The theatre is the most direct and simple medium of fresh ideas on philosophy, morality, religion, and society.

I believe that this century, which seems to be the era of liberty, has many surprises in store for us, and the theatre will be the

medium of such surprises. When the time is ready for the fruition of an idea which has been slowly and silently circulating in the hearts of reformers, it is the stage which is the scene of its exhibition to the world.

'C'est le ridicule qui tue,' and this power of presenting the ridiculous as well as the baneful side of a system is a sure means of gaining the support of the public for its reform. Victor Hugo said, 'Never should the people leave the theatre without taking away with them some profound moral lesson.' This thought is the inspiration of all idealists, for the stage should be the great school of morality in which the lessons of life appeal to all.

If writers were more in accord with Victor Hugo's ideal, we should not see so many pieces which do so much harm, as they familiarise the mind with vice without showing its immorality.

The immorality does not, in my mind, consist in what it represents but in the confusion of ideas which it causes. When any young man says at the close of a piece: 'I end by not being able to distinguish vice from virtue,' you can be sure that it is a bad piece, for is it not the duty of art to show the moral teaching?

Jean Jacques Rousseau appears not to have liked the theatre. But Jean Jacques Rousseau was a philosopher who adored poetry and dramatic literature, until this latter taste paled under Diderot's cold and deadening influence.

The theatre is a need of all nations, of all races, of all beings. One must love the theatre. All young and vigorous races love it. Look at young America—she adores the theatre and the theatre loves her.

All celebrated artists, all *littérateurs* and interpreters of art drift to that land of liberty, beauty, and life. I know many people say that when there we pick up more dollars than laurels, but they are mistaken, it is quite a false idea. The Americans are good judges and reckoners, and they do not cast away their money recklessly upon *littérateurs*, musicians, and dramatists without an adequate return for their money; and they are devoted to the theatre. They are the ever-rejuvenating public. They form endless audiences. The great cities are countless, the small towns are larger than our great towns—and they represent the youth, the enthusiasm, and the force of fresh blood. They never hesitate to rush at a new emotion—they never weigh the 'for' and the 'against.' The fact is everything—they see first and judge afterwards; and they return constantly, or never come back again, according to whether they have been pleased or not. The

English people, this race of strength and reserve, they also love the theatre, and they take it very much *au sérieux*. They give themselves some trouble to go and see a piece of particular interest, they discuss it, they think about it, and they really consider it an important matter.

No country has been more sympathetic to me than England, and in spite of the coldness of which the English are accused, I have had no cause to complain of any want of warmth in my receptions. The English too are faithful in their attachments, and once they discover power in an artist they are true to their admiration for this power, and speaking from my own experience England always seems with regard to me to exhibit the perfect *entente cordiale* between the French and English which the Society of that name strives to express, at whose *soirée* I assisted in London. Nothing is more touching than the proud and ardent affection of the English for Shakespeare. This fine race never hesitate to class their poet with all the great men of all nations, and doubtless they are right, and I myself am one of his greatest admirers, for was he not the great initiator of the present power of the stage? 'Shakespeare is often felt to be the invisible and latent link between us and other lands,' said a well-known Englishman to me one day, and I think that this superior man was right. It is sad, very sad to have to say that the Latin races are those who have the least love for the theatre, and it may be due to the indisputable fact that these same races are struggling against decadence.

The Spanish, French, and Italians do not take the theatre seriously enough. Personally I like the Spanish, but I cannot say that they take a *serious* interest in the theatre. Spain always had a great attraction for me, and suddenly, when I was quite a girl, I determined to go off there to escape the dull *rôle* of a Russian princess, who had nothing to do but eat and drink, in 'Un Mari qui lance sa Femme,' by Raymond Deslandes, at the Porte St. Martin Theatre. It was the day following the first performance. I had a maid as my companion, and I locked my mother in her room to prevent her stopping my departure. I was wild to see Madrid and its wondrous picture galleries. Want of funds obliged our return home at the end of two months, but that visit to Spain always remains in my mind as a pleasant recollection. Subsequently I have been to the Peninsula professionally, and always have I been charmed with the courtesy of the Spaniards and the beauty of their country.

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The French seem to like going to the theatre merely to amuse themselves, if it is not a question of going elsewhere. They go to see each other, to admire the actors, to see the dresses, to chat with their friends, but as to a real passion for the theatre they are destitute of it. They do not concern themselves seriously with the quality of a drama or a piece, at least, unless they have some purely personal interest in it.

Nevertheless, France retains the place of honour for literary works, albeit the sowers of fresh ideas have often to seek the fruit of their seed in other lands.

With regard to the want of dramatic interest shown in France it must be remembered that the attention of the French has been distracted these latter years by what is called the New Theatre, the Realistic Theatre, and the Naturalist Theatre, and even the Theatre 'Rosse.'

The Realistic Theatre is not worth talking about—it is beneath consideration. The mere affectation of its title shows that it wishes to be a theatre of scandal, and it only appeals to the worst and lowest passions.

Moreover those who supply this demand are not real *littérateurs*; no, indeed, they are degenerates. They cast upon paper the secretions of their narrow minds and their corrupt hearts. Fortunately their divagations die soon, killed by their own poison.

But I must touch upon the Naturalist Theatre. That I do not despise, certainly not; I even think it has been necessary for the exhibition of much literary and dramatic talent. It is certainly not the theatre that I prefer, but first-class works have issued from this new school, which will not live as it is; nevertheless, this school has contributed to the renovation of the theatre. De Curel, Brieux, De Goncourt, Lucien Descaves, Octave Mirbeau, Jean Julien, and Courteline are all men of power, and their works are works of force and thought. But it must be confessed that their theatre is not always naturalist in the real sense of the word. Brieux certainly remains purely realist with a surprising verve and grandeur. I am not attracted by this theatre, but I recognise its honesty, and I approve of its just and vigorous onslaughts on the hypocrites.

But De Curel, who seems the Master of the School, De Curel is less and less realist. His last work, 'La Fille Sauvage,' is a work of high philosophy, but alas! it is not a work well arranged for the stage. And in this the author made a mistake, for he wished it to be heard on the boards. It would have been better if he had

written a really dramatic work which the public would have gone to see, and from which it would have drawn the admirable lesson contained in it.

Ah! the beautiful theatre! it is there that our educators should be sent, for it is there that they would see the mistakes into which they too often fall. What a lesson might they not learn from the evolution of the character of 'La Fille Sauvage'! And to go from France to Scandinavia, could not a useful lesson be drawn from 'The Doll's House,' by Ibsen? How powerfully does the great master portray the evolution, or rather the want of evolution, in a young girl always treated as a child, and brought up with mere doll's-house ideas! Ignorant of the dignity of morality, is it a wonder that the forgery of a signature suggests no question of moment? Her ideas have been so dwarfed that she can see nothing beyond the superficial facts of life—their consequences are unexplored, so the logical consequence of such an unevolutionary education is the laxity of the moral sense which leads to criminality.

And it is this power of showing the rational outcome of environment which gives such force to dramatic art. It has a thousand facets, each one more interesting than the other.

Then is it not to dramatic art that we owe the revelation to the public of characters who would otherwise have remained hidden in the musty archives of history?

Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas *père* have all resuscitated heroes whose past existence would only have been made known to us by a few hasty lines. What should we have known of Macbeth, had not Shakespeare made him a living being for us? And to come to the great dramatist and poet of our own time and my own land, what did we know of the Duc de Reichstadt before Edmond Rostand vivified him for us in 'l'Aiglon'? This son of the great Napoleon was a mere name, a cipher, and it was with almost a sigh of contempt that we thought that the 'King of Rome' had given no sign of inheriting his great parent's character. But as we see Rostand's piece all is changed. We see a delicate lad pining like an eagle with clipped wings in his enforced inactivity, our hearts beat with sympathy as he kindles at his first hearing of his father's brave deeds, we understand his keen desire to escape from Austria and be with his own dear French; we tremble with eagerness as he tries to effect his escape to his own country, and we feel he is a worthy son of his father when, implored to save himself at the expense of another,

he exclaims '*Partir c'est abdiquer mon âme.*' Is not a debt of gratitude due to the theatre for making us realise Napoleon II.? And then what do we not owe Sardou for his presentation to the theatre of ways and customs of long ago?

Like all original writers, he had to face much opposition at the outset of his career. The public found it difficult to enter such fresh fields of thought. Literary discussions ensued, fresh lights were thrown upon these pastures, and all this was useful.

We all remember the debates on the question of the Byzantine argot, or slang. Many contested the right of an author to introduce modern terms of speech unknown to past times in pieces of ancient date. But true to his doctrine that all is right which conduces to the better comprehension of the spirit of the piece, Sardou gained the day, and in his well-earned place as Master of his Art he now holds undisputed sway.

There are minds distorted enough to think the theatre immoral—but nothing is more untrue.

The theatre, on the contrary, as I have tried to show, is a Moral Influence. It makes us realise the roads of virtue and vice, although there are some who even think it wrong to take young girls to see certain pieces—'La Dame aux Camélias,' *par exemple*.

One day when I mentioned this to a charming lady of our Faubourg Saint-Germain, she said, 'Oh! but my daughter knows the piece——'

'How, Madame?' I asked; 'has she read it?' 'Oh! no,' was the reply in a shocked tone, 'but she has heard "*La Traviata*."' 'But,' I returned, 'it seems to me that is just the same.' 'Indeed, it is not,' was the rejoinder, 'for the music so corrects the realism of the piece that my daughter did not realise that what she heard sung could really take place.'

Could anything be more mistaken than this lady's notions? If the young girl had been prevented by the music from taking count of the story of '*La Traviata*,' so much the worse for her, and it would have been well to take her to see '*La Dame aux Camélias*,' where this would not be the case, for the tragedy of the sufferings and the death of the heroine is a lesson by which any young girl should profit. I have been asked if I do not think that the glamour of the stage and the acting might blind a young girl to the instruction of the piece, and I reply *No*, emphatically *No*. The more powerfully the piece is represented the more potent is the lesson.

What greater retribution could befall the life of the heroine

than to find the impossibility of being one with the man she loved? What greater advocacy can be given for purity than the proof of how the want of it shut the portal in the face of happiness? Can any young girl see the agony of mind, and the distraction between love and duty, induced by the past life without seeing the canker which must ensue from such a course?

Then, again, with 'Fédora.' What more powerful sermon against revenge, blind unreasoning revenge, could Sardou have preached than that given in 'Fédora'? Could any pages of philosophy equal the power of the page of life exposed to us in this tragedy? The poignard which struck at the real pure passion of her life was the poignard of her own mad passion for revenge—revenge superfluous upon one who was unworthy. Can such appeals to the heart, head, eyes, and hearing be of no avail?

There are people, moreover, who maintain that religious things should not be put upon the stage—oh! what a mistake! And how fortunate it is that great minds have not been arrested by the false ideas of the narrow-minded! Nothing is more propagative than the theatre. It is the reflection of the ideas of a nation. It marches incessantly to the conquest of the true and the beautiful! Sometimes it goes too quickly. It has hoped too much from the minds and hearts of the public. The time has not arrived, and then retrogression is necessary, and it was thus with the religious question in the theatre, scarcely twenty years ago. And yet many attempts had been made in the same direction before in France. But a superior force retarded the march of events, and the stream of opposition had to go by. Now the opposing spirits are more reconciled; and they have to confess that all that has appeared for the past ten years as religious work is of perfect beauty, grandeur, and faith.

I well remember when Edmond Harancourt came to read me his 'Passion,' I was struck with admiration, and I exclaimed, 'That must be played, it is splendid. I must, indeed, I must have that work introduced to the public.' But what struggles, what rebuffs, what senseless objections, what cowardly attacks had we to endure. We could not manage to give the piece that year in its proper form, but the author and I clung to the idea, and I determined '*Quand même*' ('*Quand Même*' is my motto) to carry it through and make the public share my passionate feelings of admiration for this piece of infinite beauty. After a thousand difficulties, some funny, some discouraging, we finally arranged for a reading of the piece on a Good Friday

in the *entr'acte* of one of the Concerts Lamoureux at the Cirque d'Hiver at Paris. The hall was filled with unsympathetic spirits who had only come to crush what they considered a scandalous venture. Many kind friends begged me to abandon the idea, saying, 'You will never accomplish it.' 'Oh! I promise you we will read "The Passion" of Harancourt to the very last line.' But it was indeed before a very chilly audience of unresponsive faces that I commenced reading this work of faith and beauty. Ill-natured whispers accompanied the most beautiful lines. But, thanks to my being a woman, I was not interrupted. However, when it came to the artist's turn to read the words spoken by Jesus, the audience broke loose—cries, cat-calls, cock-crows, wild-beast roars filled the air. But we went on imperturbably exchanging the phrases. But at last, in a momentary lull, a *farceur* cried out in the tone of a clown: 'We are at the Cirque. We want miousic! miousic!' And the audience, tired of screaming, began to laugh with the sudden comprehension that laughter is more discouraging for the artist than hisses. For one moment I thought all was lost. But then Edmond Harancourt leapt from his place, and dashing on to the platform with his face white with passion, he cried: 'You came here knowing that a piece in verse called "La Passion" would be read, you have paid well for it, and you shall hear it to the end, or you shall go,' and kissing my hand he said: 'Merci, Madame, merci.'

The effect was magical. The public, restrained by this logic and cowed by this faith, was silent, and listened without further manifestations. The trial was made, the deed was done.

This bold venture was much talked of. The new idea was much disputed, but the work was beautiful and forcible. It breathed an atmosphere of grandeur and faith. Victory remained with the victors. Three years later 'La Passion' was represented at the theatre with all fitting *mise en scène*, costumes, etc.; and at the same time Edmond Rostand's 'La Samaritaine'—a gospel in three pictures in verse—winged its glorious triumphant course upon the world. The day of its first representation was a day of emotion never to be forgotten.

Christian love filled the hall with infinitely pure joy, beneficent tears flowed, I felt myself transported into another world, for I uttered beautiful words, and my heart beat with those of others. I wept tears, real tears, tears that wash away and efface for ever the stains on our souls and our lives—too long alas! for the evil we have done, and too short for the good we would wish to do.

The public, transported, echoed every line with their sympathy. Catulle Mendès, who will shortly publish an admirable work in verse called 'Sainte Thérèse'—Catulle Mendès stood uttering cries of enthusiasm. And the day was indeed a memorable one for me. For if it took me back for a moment to the recollections of my childhood, when I raved in mystic and ignorant adoration for '*le petit Jésus*,' it showed me more than ever the forcible power of the literary works represented in our Temple, for, indeed, the Theatre is a very Temple of Art, as the Church is the Temple of Faith.

Our Roman Catholic religion has always had an immense charm for me, and I am still a very sincere member of the faith, although I have not time to follow all its practices. It appeals to me both emotionally and æsthetically, and as a young girl I had serious thoughts of becoming a *religieuse*. It seemed an outlet for my soul, overflowing with exalted sentiment, in spite of my wayward and passionate temperament.

Saint Augustin, the patron Saint of the Convent, was my Ideal, and that and my devotion to the Virgin made my religion very real. Moreover the artistic beauties of the Church and its cult were and are still an abiding charm to me. It is for this reason that pieces of a mystic or religious nature, like 'La Passion' and 'La Samaritaine,' commend themselves to me as illustrative of religious facts which appeal to our deepest feelings. They thus evoke my keenest sympathy and demand all that is exalting in dramatic art.

Of course such a piece could not be represented on the stage without being met with objections. But I remained true to the idea of the moral influence of the stage, and what could be more moral than the lesson seen in the story of the Samaritan and our Lord?

The great lesson of love and repentance, drawn with the power of the poet's pen and delivered with all the accessories of art, appealed to the audience with the threefold force of heart, eye, and ear, and I maintain that the influence of the theatre in such a representation is one of a high and pure morality, for I make bold to say that if any person of the audience remained untouched by the beauty of the story and the grand lessons to be drawn therefrom, he must have been dead to the power of dramatic art. What a Gospel of Hope is seen in such lines as :

Vous n'avez qu'à vouloir et le règne commence !
Pour tous ! pour tous ! Un peu d'amour, un peu de foi
Et vous verrez quel beau royaume.

Letters without number followed the first representation—all letters full of appreciation; and as my readers may be interested to read one which was written by a priest, I copy it, without, however, giving the name, as it is that of a very well known man.

‘Madame,—I went the day before yesterday to your representation of “La Samaritaine,” and I do not disguise from you, Madame, that I went in a very unsympathetic state of mind. I went to hear the work, not yet obtainable in the libraries, as I was anxious to write a violent attack on this work of Monsieur Rostand, for I deplored this attempt to enthrone religion in a theatrical piece. But I went back absolutely converted to your propaganda, Madame, for near me there was an unhappy soul. In the course of the performance he could not help speaking to me and confiding to me his doubts and indecisions, and finally, looking joyous and transfigured, he exclaimed that he felt revived and renovated. I am glad, Madame, that all my aggressive feelings against you and M. Rostand have now vanished, and I am now only actuated by a grateful recollection, for which I beg you to accept my thanks.’

These few lines made me very happy, and my heart was quite at rest for the remaining representations of ‘La Samaritaine,’ for had it not proved the truth of my theory that the Theatre is a Moral Influence?



Paris : December 1902.

* * * *

As it fell to my lot to be deputed by the CORNHILL MAGAZINE to obtain and translate the above article from Madame Sarah Bernhardt, I may perhaps be permitted to add that if I had not had the honour to be the ambassadress in the matter, never could I have appreciated the value of an article from the pen of this celebrated woman, for never could I have realised how every hour of the day and, I may say, every minute of every hour is drawn upon by this lady of unparalleled activity. From the moment that the contribution of this article was made a matter of serious consideration this has been doubly the case, for Madame Sarah Bernhardt has conducted a theatrical campaign as wide in its extent as it has been kaleidoscopic in its experiences. During her absence from Paris, these last two months, she has electrified a great part of Europe by

her brilliant and various theatrical representations. The Provinces of France, Switzerland, Denmark, and Germany have all seen the proofs of her power. The accounts given of her performances in Germany read like a fairy-tale, for with the single arm of her genius she conquered the whole city of Berlin. The country had not pardoned the antipathy she exhibited after the War of 1870, when her country suffered so much, and when the loss of Alsace and Lorraine pierced her very heart. Is it not her device 'Quand Même' that we see floating on the ribbon of the wreaths always adorning the statuary representation of these Provinces on the Place de la Concorde? But all the Germans' prejudice vanished in the presence of her transcendent power. The Public as well as Royalty figuratively fell at her feet. Her 'Tosca' of that night produced, as the papers said, a perfect sensation, and the Germans are very genuine, not given to exaggeration. But neither fame nor success made Madame Bernhardt forget the call of philanthropy in the German capital, for I saw a silver escutcheon in her drawing-room engraven with words of gratitude to the great actress for having given a gratuitous theatrical representation in aid of a German Society for Public Health. But all who know this genius, this star of the age, know that she is practical as well as philanthropical when necessary.

People in Paris still talk of the wonderful way in which, at her own expense, she fitted up the Odéon as a hospital in the time of the Franco-German War, in 1870. Twenty-two beds were erected in the theatre; portières were hung at the windows; linen, drugs, and remedies all had their respective places. Day and night found Madame Sarah Bernhardt at work with her aides-de-camp; and not only did the great actress take her share in the nursing, but she noted all the particulars of the patients admitted and discharged, and kept the accounts with accuracy.

One of her first patients was M. Porel, who was slightly wounded by a fragment of shell. He became the husband of Madame Réjane.

This incarnation of poetry and dramatic art, 'cette gloire Française' (as Armand Bourgoise puts it), gained a victory over the Germans which will live in the annals of dramatic art, and with such a tour, so dazzling and triumphant in its success, the famous actress seems to have reached the summit of Fame.

The French, fully alive to the glory of her victory, accorded her a reception at the Gare du Nord on her return such as Royalty might envy. Flowers and music filled the air, and the crowds trampled on each other to get a sight of the great actress. A few days' rest might

have been expected after such an eventful and fatiguing time, for a glance at the programme of itinerary was enough to make one giddy. But no; twenty-four hours had not elapsed before her original-looking little carriage was at her door, and her chestnuts soon deposited her on her favourite scene of activity—her own theatre. There I found her under the electric light in her beautiful rooms of cream and gold, showing no sign of fatigue, and evidently the mainspring of the many matters incidental to the opening of the theatrical season on the morrow.

As I watched her in her long white clinging ermine-trimmed dress, calm and collected, giving orders on every point, I could but recognise that the genius which is surrounded by adoring hearts, flowers, jewels, and rich draperies has also its practical part to play. She forgets nothing; even whilst interviewing person after person, she did not forget to pat the terrier and the greyhound that solicited her attention. Sympathy seems to be the keynote of her power. Madame Sarah Bernhardt is not one person—she is a hundred persons.

And this I say not because of her talents, which rank her as sculptor and painter, as well as actress, nor in virtue of the many rôles she takes with such perfection, be it that of 'Fédora,' 'Tosca,' 'Reichstadt,' 'Hamlet,' etc., but by reason of the countless facets of her character. The enthusiasm of the French at her first representation of 'Fédora' after her return from her great tour showed her that France did not wish to be surpassed by foreigners in enthusiasm for her great actress.

Never shall I forget that night, the storms of applause that burst from the audience at the end of each act, when all hearts had been swayed in sympathy for the great waves of emotion which swept over the life of Fédora. Revenge, love, remorse, were all individualised by the genius of the great actress, and nothing but summoning her sixteen times before the curtain during the performance seemed to calm the furore of the French at her success.

The sight of Monsieur Victorien Sardou, in the salon of Madame Sarah, seemed a fitting frame to this great tableau of theatrical success, and as the great actress graciously received the homage of applause from her friends, between the acts, the fine intellectual rugged face of the great author also expanded in grateful acknowledgment to the grand interpreter of his artistic pen.

The magnetic power of her personality is increased a hundred-fold by these facets which reflect so sympathetically the emotions of others, whilst the whole, like a precious stone beyond price, has a charm peculiar to itself which distinguishes it from the rest of the world.

Incomparable, that is the word which renders in some degree the power which has made this woman an electric force in the whole civilised world.

As Théodore de Banville says :—‘ One cannot extol her for knowing how to render a poem—she is the muse of poetry herself. Intelligence and art count for nothing in the matter, she is led by a secret instinct. She recites verse as the nightingale sings, as the breeze blows, as the water murmurs.’

As Edmond Rostand writes :—‘ It seems to me that the life of Madame Sarah Bernhardt will perhaps form the greatest marvel of the nineteenth century. It will develop into a legend. To describe her tours round the world with her ever-changing scenes and actors, their beauties and absurdities, to make the locomotives and steamers speak, to portray the swelling of seas and the rustling of robes, to fill up the intervals of heroic recitative with speaking, singing, shouting choruses of poets, savages, kings, and wild animals : this would need a new Homer built up of Théophile Gautier, Jules Verne, and Rudyard Kipling.’

Gener, a well-known author of Madrid, writes of Madame Bernhardt in the same strain after her visit to Spain, and the number of people waiting to see her at her house every day will show the wondrous variety of the calls upon her time and interest.

Her drawing-room is a picture story of her cosmopolitanism. An image of Buddha ; a bronze of Christ on the ass entering Jerusalem—saints, poets, artists all have their shrines in her sanctum ; and in her study an autograph photograph of our Queen and the many similar souvenirs from artists, poets, and writers from all quarters testify to the breadth and width of her sympathies, whilst the books lining the room show the extent of her studies.

How then with such a character, so multiform in interests, so occupied in time, was it possible to get an article ?

‘ Never, never has Madame done such a thing,’ said the Secretary with truth ; ‘ articles have been written on her but never by her—it is impossible in her busy life for her to find the time to write herself.’ For the moment my sympathy for the strain on her powers made me waver, but when I represented to the great artist the disappointment that the non-appearance of the article would cause, the pleasure it would give to many, and my willingness to be at her service, sympathy gained the day, and the article, as we see, was produced ‘ Quand même.’

RACHEL CHALLICE.

*BARLASCH OF THE GUARD.*¹

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

CHAPTER I.

ALL ON A SUMMER'S DAY.

Il faut devoir lever les yeux pour regarder ce qu'on aime.

A FEW children had congregated on the steps of the Marienkirche at Dantzig, because the door stood open. The verger, old Peter Koch—on week days a locksmith—had told them that nothing was going to happen; had been indiscreet enough to bid them go away. So they stayed, for they were little girls.

A wedding was in point of fact in progress within the towering walls of the Marienkirche—a cathedral built of red brick in the great days of the Hanseatic League.

'Who is it?' asked a stout fishwife, stepping over the threshold to whisper to Peter Koch.

'It is the younger daughter of Antoine Sebastian,' replied the verger, indicating with a nod of his head the house on the left-hand side of the Frauengasse where Sebastian lived. There was a wealth of meaning in the nod. For Peter Koch lived round the corner in the Kleine Schmiedegasse, and of course—well, it is only neighbourly to take an interest in those who drink milk from the same cow and buy wood from the same Jew.

The fishwife looked thoughtfully down the Frauengasse where every house has a different gable, and none of less than three floors, within the pitch of the roof. She singled out No. 36, which has a carved stone balustrade to its broad verandah and a railing of wrought-iron on either side of the steps descending from the verandah to the street.

'They teach dancing?' she inquired.

And Koch nodded again, taking snuff.

'And he—the father?'

'He scrapes a fiddle,' replied the verger, examining the lady's

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basket of fish in a non-committing and final way. For a locksmith is almost as confidential an adviser as a notary. The Dantzigers, moreover, are a thrifty race and keep their money in a safe place; a habit which was to cost many of them their lives before the coming of another June.

The marriage service was a long one and not exhilarating. Through the open door came no sound of organ or choir, but the deep and monotonous drawl of one voice. There had been no ringing of bells. The north countries, with the exception of Russia, require more than the ringing of bells or the waving of flags to warm their hearts. They celebrate their festivities with good meat and wine consumed decently behind closed doors.

Dantzig was in fact under a cloud. No larger than a man's hand, this cloud had risen in Corsica forty-three years earlier. It had overshadowed France. Its gloom had spread to Italy, Austria, Spain; had penetrated so far north as Sweden; was now hanging sullen over Dantzig, the greatest of the Hanseatic towns, the Free City. For a Dantziger had never needed to say that he was a Pole or a Prussian, a Swede or a subject of the Czar. He was a Dantziger. Which is tantamount to having for a postal address in these wordy days a single name that is marked on the map.

Napoleon had garrisoned the Free City with French troops some years earlier, to the sullen astonishment of the citizens. And Prussia had not objected for a very obvious reason. Within the last fourteen months the garrison had been greatly augmented. The clouds seemed to be gathering over this prosperous city of the north, where, however, men continued to eat and drink, to marry and to be given in marriage as in another city of the plain.

Peter Koch replaced his snuff-stained handkerchief in the pocket of his rusty cassock and stood aside. He murmured a few conventional words of blessing, hard on the heels of stronger exhortations to the waiting children. And Désirée Sebastian came out into the sunlight—Désirée Sebastian no more.

That she was destined for the sunlight was clearly written on her face and in her gay, kind blue eyes. She was tall and straight and slim, as are English and Polish and Danish girls, and none other in all the world. But the colouring of her face and hair was more pronounced than in the fairness of Anglo-

Saxon youth. For her hair had a golden tinge in it, and her skin was of that startlingly milky whiteness which is only found in those who live round the frozen waters. Her eyes, too, were of a clearer blue—like the blue of a summer sky over the Baltic sea. The rosy colour was in her cheeks, her eyes were laughing. This was a bride who had no misgivings.

On seeing such a happy face returning from the altar to-day the observer concludes that the bride has assuredly attained her desire; that she has secured a title; that the pre-nuptial settlement is safely signed and sealed.

But Désirée had none of these things. It was nearly a hundred years ago.

Her husband must have whispered some laughing comment on Koch, or another appeal to her quick sense of the humorous, for she looked into his changing face and gave a low, girlish laugh of amusement as they descended the steps together into the brilliant sunlight.

Charles Darragon wore one of the countless uniforms that enlivened the outward world in the great days of the greatest captain that history has seen. He was unmistakably French—unmistakably a French gentleman, as rare in 1812 as he is to-day. To judge from his small head and clean-cut features, fine and mobile; from his graceful carriage and slight limbs, this man was one of the many bearing names that begin with the fourth letter of the alphabet since the Terror only.

He was merely a lieutenant in a regiment of Alsatian recruits; but that went for nothing in the days of the Empire. Three kings in Europe had begun no farther up the ladder.

The Frauengasse is a short street, made narrow by the terrace that each house throws outward from its face, each seeking to gain a few inches on its neighbour. It runs from the Marienkirche to the Frauenthor, and remains to-day as it was built three hundred years ago.

Désirée nodded and laughed to the children, who interested her. She was quite simple and womanly, as some women, it is to be hoped, may succeed in continuing until the end of time. She was always pleased to see children; was glad, it seemed, that they should have congregated on the steps to watch her pass. Charles, with a faint and unconscious reflex of that grand manner which had brought his father to the guillotine, felt in his pocket for money, and found none.

He jerked his hand out with widespread fingers, in a gesture indicative of familiarity with the nakedness of the land.

'I have nothing, little citizens,' he said with a mock gravity; 'nothing but my blessing.'

And he made a gay gesture with his left hand over their heads, not the act of benediction, but of peppering, which made them all laugh. The bride and bridegroom passing on joined in the laughter with hearts as light and voices scarcely less youthful.

The Frauengasse is intersected by the Pfaffengasse at right angles, through which narrow and straight street passes much of the traffic towards the Langemarkt, the centre of the town. As the little bridal procession approached the corner of this street, it halted at the approach of some mounted troops. There was nothing unusual in this sight in the streets of Dantzic, which were accustomed now to the clatter of the Saxon cavalry.

But at the sight of the first troopers Charles Darragon threw up his head with a little exclamation of surprise.

Désirée looked at him and then turned to follow the direction of his gaze.

'What are these?' she murmured. For the uniforms were new and unfamiliar.

'Cavalry of the Old Guard,' replied her husband, and as he spoke he caught his breath.

The horsemen vanished into the continuation of the Pfaffengasse, and immediately behind them came a travelling carriage, swung on high wheels, three times the size of a Dantzic drosky, white with dust. It had small square windows. As Désirée drew back in obedience to a movement of her husband's arm, she saw a face for an instant—pale and set—with eyes that seemed to look at everything and yet at something beyond.

'Who was it? He looked at you, Charles,' said Désirée.

'It is the Emperor,' answered Darragon. His face was white. His eyes were dull, like the eyes of one who has seen a vision and is not yet back to earth.

Désirée turned to those behind her.

'It is the Emperor,' she said, with an odd ring in her voice which none had ever heard before. Then she stood looking after the carriage.

Her father, who was at her elbow—tall, white-haired, with an aquiline, inscrutable face—stood in a like attitude, looking down

the Pfaffengasse. His hand was raised before his face with outspread fingers which seemed rigid in that gesture, as if lifted hastily to screen his face and hide it.

'Did he see me?' he asked in a low voice which only Désirée heard.

She glanced at him, and her eyes, which were open and clear like a cloudless sky, were suddenly shadowed by a suspicion quick and poignant.

'He seemed to see everything, but he only looked at Charles,' she answered. For a moment they all stood in the sunshine looking towards the Langemarkt where the tower of the Rathhaus rose above the high roofs. The dust raised by the horses' feet and the carriage wheels slowly settled on their bridal clothes.

It was Désirée who at length made a movement to continue their way towards her father's house.

'Well,' she said with a slight laugh, 'he was not bidden to my wedding, but he has come all the same.'

Others laughed as they followed her. For a bride at the church-door, or a judge on the bench, or a criminal on the scaffold-steps, need make but a very small joke to cause merriment. Laughter is often nothing but the froth of tears.

There were faces suddenly bleached in the little group of wedding guests, and none were whiter than the handsome features of Mathilde Sebastian, Désirée's elder sister, who looked angry, had frowned at the children, and seemed to find this simple wedding too bourgeois for her taste. She carried her head with an air that told the world not to expect that she should ever be content to marry in such a humble style, and walk from the church in satin slippers like any daughter of a burgher.

This, at all events, was what old Koch the locksmith must have read in her beautiful, discontented face.

'Ah! ah!' he muttered to the bolts as he shot them. 'But it is not the lightest hearts that quit the church in a carriage.'

So simple were the arrangements that bride and bridegroom and wedding guests had to wait in the street while the servant unlocked the front door of No. 36 with a great key hurriedly extracted from her apron pocket.

There was no unusual stir in the street. The windows of one or two of the houses had been decorated with flowers. These

were the houses of friends. Others were silent and still behind their lace curtains, where there doubtless lurked peeping and criticising eyes—the house of a neighbour.

The wedding guests were few in number. Only one of them had a distinguished air, and he, like the bridegroom, wore the uniform of France. He was a small man, somewhat brusque in attitude, as became a soldier of Italy and Egypt. But he had a pleasant smile and that affability of manner which many learnt in the first years of the great Republic. He and Mathilde Sebastian never looked at each other: either an understanding or a misunderstanding.

The host, Antoine Sebastian, played his part well enough when he remembered that he had a part to play. He listened with a kind attention to the story of a very old lady, who it seemed had been married herself, but it was so long ago that the human interest of it all was lost in a pottle of petty detail which was all she could recall. Before the story was half finished, Sebastian's attention had strayed elsewhere, though his spare figure remained in its attitude of attention and polite forbearance. His mind had, it would seem, a trick of thus wandering away and leaving his body rigid in the last attitude that it had dictated.

Sebastian did not notice that the door was open and all the guests were waiting for him to lead the way.

'Now, old dreamer,' whispered Désirée, with a quick pinch on his arm, 'take the Gräfin upstairs to the drawing-room and give her wine. You are to drink our healths, remember.'

'Is there wine?' he asked with a vague smile. 'Where has it come from?'

'Like other good things, my father-in-law,' replied Charles with his easy laugh, 'it comes from France.'

They spoke together thus in confidence, in the language of that same sunny land. But when Sebastian turned again to the old lady, still recalling the details of that other wedding, he addressed her in German, offering his arm with a sudden stiffness of gesture which he seemed to put on with the change of tongue.

They passed up the low time-worn steps arm-in-arm, and beneath the high carved doorway, whereon some pious Hanseatic merchant had inscribed his belief that if God be in the house there is no need of a watchman, emphasising his creed by bolts and locks of enormous strength, and bars to every window.

The servant in her Samland Sunday dress, having shaken her fist at the children, closed the door behind the last guest, and, so far as the Frauengasse was concerned, the exciting incident was over. From the open window came only the murmur of quiet voices, the clink of glasses at the drinking of a toast, or a laugh in the clear voice of the bride herself. For Désirée persisted in her optimistic view of these proceedings, though her husband scarcely helped her now at all, and seemed a different man since the passage through the Pfaffengasse of that dusty travelling carriage which had played the part of the stormy petrel from end to end of Europe.

CHAPTER II.

A CAMPAIGNER.

Not what I am, but what I Do, is my Kingdom.

DÉSIRÉE had made all her own wedding-clothes. 'Her poor little marriage-basket,' she called it. She had even made the cake which was now cut with some ceremony by her father.

'I tremble,' she exclaimed aloud, 'to think what it may be like in the middle.'

And Mathilde was the only person there who did not smile at the unconscious admission. The cake was still under discussion, and the Gräfin had just admitted that it was almost as good as that other cake which had been consumed in the days of Frederick the Great, when the servant called Désirée from the room.

'It is a soldier,' she said in a whisper at the head of the stairs. 'He has a paper in his hand. I know what that means. He is quartered on us.'

Désirée hurried downstairs. In the narrow entrance-hall, a broad-built little man stood awaiting her. He was stout and red, with hair all ragged at the temples, almost white. His eyes were lost behind shaggy eyebrows. His face was made broader by little whiskers stopping short at the level of his ear. He had a snuff-blown complexion, and in the wrinkles of his face the dust of a dozen campaigns seemed to have accumulated.

'Barlasch,' he said curtly, holding out a long strip of blue paper. 'Of the Guard. Once a sergeant. Italy, Egypt, the Danube.'

He frowned at Désirée while she read the paper in the dim light that filtered through the twisted bars of the fanlight above the door.

Then he turned to the servant who stood, comely and breathless, looking him up and down.

'Papa Barlasch,' he added for her edification, and he drew down his left eyebrow with a jerk, so that it almost touched his cheek. His right eye, grey and piercing, returned her astonished gaze with a fierce steadfastness.

'Does this mean that you are quartered upon us?' asked Désirée without seeking to hide her disgust. She spoke in her own tongue.

'French?' said the soldier, looking at her. 'Good. Yes. I am quartered here. Thirty-six, Frauengasse. Sebastian, musician. You are lucky to get me. I always give satisfaction—ha!'

He gave a curt laugh in one syllable only. His left arm was curved round a bundle of wood bound together by a red pocket-handkerchief not innocent of snuff. He held out this bundle to Désirée, as Solomon may have held out some great gift to the Queen of Sheba to smooth the first doubtful steps of friendship.

Désirée accepted the gift and stood in her wedding-dress holding the bundle of wood against her breast. Then a gleam of the one grey eye that was visible conveyed to her the fact that this walnut-faced warrior was smiling. She laughed gaily.

'It is well,' said Barlasch. 'We are friends. You are lucky to get me. You may not think so now. Would this woman like me to speak to her in Polish or German?'

'Do you speak so many languages?'

He shrugged his shoulders and spread out his arms as far as his many burdens allowed. For he was hung round with a hundred parcels and packages.

'The Old Guard,' he said, 'can always make itself understood.'

He rubbed his hands together with the air of a brisk man ready for any sort of work.

'Now, where shall I sleep?' he asked. 'One is not particular, you understand. A few minutes and one is at home—perhaps peeling the potatoes. It is only a civilian who is ashamed of using his knife on a potato. Papa Barlasch, they call me.'

Without awaiting an invitation he went forward towards the kitchen. He seemed to know the house by instinct. His pro-

gress was accompanied by a clatter of utensils like that which heralds the coming of a carrier's cart.

At the kitchen door he stopped and sniffed loudly. There certainly was a slight odour of burning fat. Papa Barlasch turned and shook an admonitory finger at the servant, but he said nothing. He looked round at the highly polished utensils, at the table and floor both alike scrubbed clean by a vigorous northern arm. And he was kind enough to nod approval.

'On a campaign,' he said to no one in particular, 'a little bit of horse thrust into the cinders on the end of a bayonet—but in times of peace . . .'

He broke off and made a gesture towards the saucepans which indicated quite clearly that he was—between campaigns—inclined to good living.

'I am a rude fork,' he jerked to Désirée over his shoulder in the dialect of the Côtes du Nord.

'How long will you be here?' asked Désirée, who was eminently practical. A billet was a misfortune which Charles Darragon had hitherto succeeded in warding off. He had some small influence as an officer of the headquarters staff.

Barlasch held up a reproving hand. The question, he seemed to think, was not quite delicate.

'I pay my own,' he said. 'Give and take—that is my motto. When you have nothing to give . . . offer a smile.'

With a gesture he indicated the bundle of firewood which Désirée still absent-mindedly carried against her white dress. He turned and opened a cupboard low down on the floor at the left-hand side of the fireplace. He seemed to know by an instinct usually possessed by charwomen and other domesticated persons of experience where the firewood was kept. Lisa gave a little exclamation of surprise at his impertinence and his perspicacity. He took the firewood, unknotted his handkerchief, and threw his offering into the cupboard. Then he turned and perceived for the first time that Désirée had a bright ribbon at her waist and on her shoulders; that a thin chain of gold was round her throat and that there were flowers at her breast.

'A fête?' he inquired curiously.

'My marriage fête,' she answered. 'I was married half an hour ago.'

He looked at her beneath his grizzled brows. His face was only capable of producing one expression—a shaggy weather-beaten

fierceness. But, like a dog which can express more than many human beings, by a hundred instinctive gestures he could, it seemed, dispense with words on occasion and get on quite as well without them. He clearly disapproved of Désirée's marriage, and drew her attention to the fact that she was no more than a school-girl with an inconsequent brain, and little limbs too slight to fight a successful battle in a world full of cruelty and danger.

Then he made a gesture half of apology as if recognising that it was no business of his, and turned away thoughtfully.

'I had troubles of that sort myself,' he explained, putting together the embers on the hearth with the point of a twisted, rusty bayonet, 'but that was long ago. Well, I can drink your health all the same, mademoiselle.'

He turned to Lisa with a friendly nod and put out his tongue, in the manner of the people, to indicate that his lips were dry.

Désirée had always been the housekeeper. It was to her that Lisa naturally turned in her extremity at the invasion of her kitchen by Papa Barlasch. And when that warrior had been supplied with beer it was with Désirée, in an agitated whisper in the great dark dining-room with its gloomy old pictures and heavy carving, that she took counsel as to where he should be quartered.

The object of their solicitude himself interrupted their hurried consultation by opening the door and putting his shaggy head round the corner of it.

'It is not worth while to consult long about it,' he said. 'There is a little room behind the kitchen, that opens into the yard. It is full of boxes. But we can move them—a little straw—and there!'

With a gesture he described a condition of domestic peace and comfort which far exceeded his humble requirements.

'The blackbeetles and I are old friends,' he concluded cheerfully.

'There are no blackbeetles in the house, monsieur,' said Désirée, hesitating to accept his proposal.

'Then I shall resign myself to my solitude,' he answered. 'It is quiet. I shall not hear the patron touching on his violin. It is that which occupies his leisure, is it not?'

'Yes,' answered Désirée, still considering the question.

'I too-am a musician,' said Papa Barlasch, turning towards the kitchen again. 'I played a drum at Marengo.'

And as he led the way to the little room in the yard at the back of the kitchen, he expressed by a shake of the head a fellow-feeling for the gentleman upstairs, whose acquaintance he had not yet made, who occupied his leisure by touching the violin.

They stood together in the small apartment which Barlasch, with the promptitude of an experienced conqueror, had set apart for his own accommodation.

'Those trunks,' he observed casually, 'were made in France'—a mental note which he happened to make aloud, as some do for better remembrance. 'This solid girl and I will soon move them. And you, mademoiselle, go back to your wedding.'

'The good God be merciful to you,' he added under his breath when Désirée had gone. She laughed as she mounted the stairs, a slim white figure amid the heavy woodwork long since blackened by time. The stairs made no sound beneath her light step. How many weary feet had climbed them since they were built! For the Dantzigers have been a people of sorrow, torn by wars, starved by siege, tossed from one conqueror to another from the beginning until now.

Désirée excused herself for her absence and frankly gave the cause. She was disposed to make light of the incident. It was natural to her to be optimistic. Both she and Mathilde made a practice of withholding from their father's knowledge the smaller worries of daily life which sour so many women and make them whine on platforms to be given the larger woes.

She was glad to note that her father did not attach much importance to the arrival of Papa Barlasch, though Mathilde found opportunity to convey her displeasure at the news by a movement of the eyebrows.

Antoine Sebastian had applied himself seriously now to his rôle of host, so rarely played in the Frauengasse. He was courteous and quick to see a want or a possible desire of any one of his guests. It was part of his sense of hospitality to dismiss all personal matters, and especially a personal trouble, from public attention.

'They will attend to him in the kitchen, no doubt,' he said with that grand air which the dancing academy tried to imitate.

Charles hardly noted what Désirée said. So sunny a nature as his might have been expected to make light of a minor trouble, more especially the minor trouble of another. He was unusually

thoughtful. Some event of the morning had, it would appear, given him pause on his primrose path. He glanced more than once over his shoulder towards the window, which stood open. He seemed at times to listen.

Suddenly he rose and went to the window. His action caused a brief silence, and all heard the clatter of a horse's feet and the quick rattle of a sword against spur and buckle.

After a glance he came back into the room.

'Excuse me,' he said, with a bow towards Mathilde. 'It is, I think, a messenger for me.'

And he hurried downstairs. He did not return at once, and soon the conversation became general again.

'You,' said the Gräfin, touching Désirée's arm with her fan, 'you, who are now his wife, must be dying to know what has called him away. Do not consider the "convenances," my child.'

Désirée thus admonished followed Charles. She had not been aware of this consuming curiosity until it was suggested to her.

She found Charles standing at the open door. He thrust a letter into his pocket as she approached him, and turned towards her the face that she had seen for a moment when he drew her back at the corner of the Pfaffengasse to allow the Emperor's carriage to pass on its way. It was the white, half-stupefied face of one who has for an instant seen a vision of things not earthly.

'I have been sent for by the . . . I am wanted at headquarters,' he said vaguely. 'I shall not be long . . .'

He took his shako, looked at her with an odd attempt to simulate cheerfulness, kissed her fingers and hurried out into the street.

CHAPTER III.

FATE.

We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim; or will be dim, with weeds.

WHEN Désirée turned towards the stairs, she met the guests descending. They were taking their leave as they came down, hurriedly like persons conscious of having outstayed their welcome.

Mathilde listened coldly to the conventional excuses. So few people recognise the simple fact that they need never apologise

for going away. Sebastian stood at the head of the stairs bowing in his most Germanic manner. The urbane host, with a charm entirely French, who had dispensed a simple hospitality so easily and gracefully a few minutes earlier, seemed to have disappeared behind a pale and formal mask.

Désirée was glad to see them go. There was a sense of uneasiness, a vague unrest in the air. There was something amiss. The wedding party had been a failure. All had gone well and merrily up to a certain point—at the corner of the Pfaffengasse, when the dusty travelling carriage passed across their path. From that moment there had been a change. A shadow seemed to have fallen across the sunny nature of the proceedings; for never had bride and bridegroom set forth together with lighter hearts than those carried by Charles and Désirée Darragon down the steps of the Marienkirche.

During its progress across the whole width of Germany, the carriage had left unrest behind it. Men had travelled night and day to stand sleepless by the roadside and see it pass. Whole cities had been kept astir till morning by the mere rumour that its flying wheels would be heard in the streets before dawn. Hatred and adoration, fear and that dread tightening of the heartstrings which is caused by the shadow of the superhuman, had sprung into being at the mere sound of its approach.

When therefore it passed across the Frauengasse, throwing its dust upon Désirée's wedding-dress, it was only fulfilling a mission. When it broke in upon the lives of these few persons seeking dimly for their happiness—as the heathen grope for an unknown God—and threw down carefully constructed plans, swept aside the strongest will and crushed the stoutest heart, it was only working out its destiny. The dust sprinkled on Désirée's hair had fallen on the faces of thousands of dead. The unrest that entered into the quiet little house on the left-hand side of the Frauengasse had made its way across a thousand thresholds, of Arab tent and imperial palace alike. The lives of millions were affected by it, the secret hopes of thousands were undermined by it. It disturbed the sleep of half the world, and made men old before their time.

'More troops must have arrived,' said Désirée, already busying herself to set the house in order, 'since they have been forced to billet this man with us. And now they have sent for Charles, though he is really on leave of absence.'

She glanced at the clock.

'I hope he will not be late. The chaise is to come at four o'clock. There is still time for me to help you.'

Mathilde made no answer. Their father stood near the window. He was looking out with thoughtful eyes. His face was drawn downwards by a hundred fine wrinkles. It was the face of one brooding over a sorrow or a vengeance. There was something in his whole being suggestive of a bygone prosperity. This was a lean man who had once been well-seeming.

'No!' said Désirée gaily, 'we were a dull company. We need not disguise it. It all came from that man crossing our path in his dusty carriage.'

'He is on his way to Russia,' Sebastian said jerkily. 'God spare me to see him return!'

Désirée and Mathilde exchanged a glance of uneasiness. It seemed that their father was subject to certain humours which they had reason to dread. Désirée left her occupation and went to him, linking her arm in his and standing beside him.

'Do not let us think of disagreeable things to-day,' she said. 'God will spare you much longer than that, you depressing old wedding guest!'

He patted her hand which rested on his arm and looked down at her with eyes softened by affection. But her fair hair, rather tumbled, which met his glance must have awakened some memory that made his face a marble mask again.

'Yes,' he said grimly, 'but I am an old man and he is a young one. And I want to see him dead before I die.'

'I will not have you think such bloodthirsty thoughts on my wedding-day,' said Désirée. 'See, there is Charles returning already, and he has not been absent ten minutes. He has someone with him—who is it?' Papa . . . Mathilde, look! Who is it coming back with Charles in such a hurry?'

Mathilde who was setting the room in order glanced through the lace curtains.

'I do not know,' she answered indifferently, 'Just an ordinary man.'

Désirée had turned away from the window as if to go downstairs and meet her husband. She paused and looked back again over her shoulder towards the street.

'Is it?' she said rather oddly. 'I do not know—I——'

And she stood with the incompleted sentence on her lips waiting irresolutely for Charles to come upstairs.

In a moment he burst into the room with all his usual exuberance and high spirit.

'Picture to yourselves!' he cried standing in the doorway with his arms extended before him. 'I was hurrying to headquarters when I ran into the embrace of my dear Louis—my cousin. I have told you a hundred times that he is brother and father and everything to me. I am so glad that he should come to-day of all days.'

He turned towards the stairs with a gesture of welcome, still with his two arms outheld, as if inviting the man, who came rather slowly upstairs, to come to his embrace and to the embrace of those who were now his relations.

'There was a little suspicion of sadness—I do not know what it was—at the table; but now it is all gone. All is well now that this unexpected guest has come. This dear Louis.'

He went to the landing as he spoke, and returned bringing by the arm a man taller than himself and darker, with a still brown face and steady eyes set close together. He had a lean look of good breeding.

'This dear Louis!' repeated Charles. 'My only relative in all the world. My cousin, Louis d'Arragon. But he, *par exemple*, spells his name in two words.'

The man bowed gravely—a comprehensive bow; but he looked at Désirée.

'This is my father-in-law,' continued Charles breathlessly. 'Monsieur Antoine Sebastian, and Désirée and Mathilde—my wife, my dear Louis—your cousin, Désirée.'

He had turned again to Louis and shook him by the shoulders in the fulness of his joy. He had not distinguished between Mathilde and Désirée, and it was towards Mathilde that d'Arragon looked with a polite and rather formal repetition of his bow.

'It is I who am Désirée,' said the younger sister, coming forward with a slow gesture of shyness.

D'Arragon took her hand.

'I have been happy,' he said, 'in the moment of my arrival.'

Then he turned to Mathilde and bowed over the hand she held out to him. Sebastian had come forward with a sudden return of his gracious and rather old-world manner. He did not offer to shake hands, but bowed.

'A son of Louis d'Arragon who was fortunate enough to escape to England?' he inquired with a courteous gesture.

'The only son,' replied the new-comer.

'I am honoured to make the acquaintance of Monsieur le Marquis,' said Antoine Sebastian slowly.

'Oh, you must not call me that,' replied d'Arragon with a short laugh. 'I am an English sailor—that is all.'

'And now, my dear Louis, I leave you,' broke in Charles, who had rather impatiently awaited the end of these formalities. 'A brief half-hour and I am with you again. You will stay here till I return.'

He turned, nodded gaily to Désirée and ran downstairs.

Through the open windows they heard his quick, light footfall as he hurried up the Frauengasse. Something made them silent, listening to it.

It was not difficult to see that d'Arragon was a sailor. Not only had he the brown face of those who live in the open, but he had the silent attentive air of one whose waking moments are a watch.

'You look at one as if one were the horizon,' Désirée said to him long afterwards. But it was at this moment in the drawing-room in the Frauengasse that the comparison formed itself in her mind.

His face was rather narrow, with a square chin and straight lips. He was not quick in speech like Charles, but seemed to think before he spoke, with the result that he often appeared to be about to say something and was interrupted before the words had been uttered.

'Unless my memory is a bad one your mother was an English-woman, monsieur,' said Sebastian, 'which would account for your being in the English service.'

'Not entirely,' answered d'Arragon, 'though my mother was indeed English and died—in a French prison. But it was from a sense of gratitude that my father placed me in the English service—and I have never regretted it, monsieur.'

'Your father received kindnesses at English hands, after his escape, like many others.'

'Yes, and he was too old to repay them by doing the country any service himself. He would have done it if he could——'

D'Arragon paused, looking steadily at the tall old man who listened to him with averted eyes.

'My father was one of those,' he said at length, 'who did not think that in fighting for Bonaparte one was necessarily fighting for France.'

Sebastian held up a warning hand.

'In England——' he corrected, 'in England one may think such things. But not in France, and still less in Dantzic.'

'If one is an Englishman,' replied d'Arragon with a smile, 'one may think them where one likes, and say them when one is disposed. It is one of the privileges of the nation, monsieur.'

He made the statement lightly, seeing the humour of it with a cosmopolitan understanding, without any suggestion of the boastfulness of youth. Désirée noticed that his hair was turning grey at the temples.

'I did not know,' he said, turning to her, 'that Charles was in Dantzic, much less that he was celebrating so happy an occasion. We ran against each other by accident in the street. It was a lucky accident that allowed me to make your acquaintance so soon after you have become his wife.'

'It scarcely seems possible that it should be an accident,' said Désirée. 'It must have been the work of fate—if fate has time to think of such an insignificant person as myself and so small an event as my marriage in these days.'

'Fate,' put in Mathilde in her composed voice and manner, 'has come to Dantzic to-day.'

'Ah!'

'Yes. You are the second unexpected arrival this afternoon.'

D'Arragon turned and looked at Mathilde. His manner, always grave and attentive, was that of a reader who has found an interesting book on a dusty shelf.

'Has the Emperor come?' he asked.

Mathilde nodded.

'I thought I saw something in Charles's face,' he said reflectively, looking back through the open door towards the stairs where Charles had nodded farewell to them. 'So the Emperor is here, in Dantzic?'

He turned towards Sebastian, who stood with a stony face.

'Which means war,' he said.

'It always means war,' replied Sebastian in a tired voice. 'Is he again going to prove himself stronger than them all?'

'Someday he will make a mistake,' said d'Arragon cheerfully. 'And then will come the day of reckoning.'

'Ah!' said Sebastian, with a shake of the head that seemed to indicate an account so one-sided that none could ever liquidate it. 'You are young, monsieur. You are full of hope.'

'I am not young—I am thirty-one—but I am, as you say, full of hope. I look to that day, Monsieur Sebastian.'

'And in the meantime?' suggested the man who seemed but a shadow of some one standing apart and far-away from the affairs of daily life.

'In the meantime one must play one's part,' returned d'Arragon, with his almost inaudible laugh, 'whatever it may be.'

There was no foreboding in his voice; no second meaning in the words. He was open and simple and practical, like the life he led.

'Then you have a part to play, too,' said Désirée, thinking of Charles, who had been called away at such an inopportune moment, and had gone without complaint. 'It is the penalty we pay for living in one of the less dull parts of history. He touches your life too.'

'He touches every one's life, mademoiselle. That is what makes him so great a man. Yes. I have a little part to play. I am like one of the unseen supernumeraries who has to see that a door is open to allow the great actors to make an effective *entrée*. I am lent to Russia for the war that is coming. It is a little part. I have to keep open one small portion of the line of communication between England and St. Petersburg, so that news may pass to and fro.'

He glanced towards Mathilde as he spoke. She was listening with an odd eagerness which he noted, as he noted everything, methodically and surely. He remembered it afterwards.

'That will not be easy, with Denmark friendly to France,' said Sebastian, 'and every Prussian port closed to you.'

'But Sweden will help. She is not friendly to France.'

Sebastian laughed, and made a gesture with his white and elegant hand, of contempt and ridicule.

'And, *bon Dieu!* what a friendship it is,' he exclaimed, 'that is based on the fear of being taken for an enemy.'

'It is a friendship that waits its time, monsieur,' said d'Arragon taking up his hat.

'Then you have a ship, monsieur, here in the Baltic?' asked Mathilde with more haste than was characteristic of her usual utterance.

'A very small one, mademoiselle,' he answered. 'So small that I could turn her round here in the Frauengasse.'

'But she is fast?'

'The fastest in the Baltic, mademoiselle,' he answered. 'And that is why I must take my leave—with the news you have told me.'

He shook hands as he spoke, and bowed to Sebastian, whose generation was content with the more formal salutation. Désirée went to the door, and led the way downstairs.

'We have but one servant,' she said, 'who is busy.'

On the doorstep he paused for a moment. And Désirée seemed to expect him to do so.

'Charles and I have always been like brothers—you will remember that always, will you not?'

'Yes,' she answered with her gay nod. 'I will remember.'

'Then good-bye, mademoiselle.'

'Madame,' she corrected lightly.

'Madame, my cousin,' he said, and departed smiling.

Désirée went slowly upstairs again.

(To be continued.)

*IN THE HEART OF THE FORBIDDEN COUNTRY;
OR, LHASA REVEALED.¹*

BY ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN, F.R.G.S.

ALEXANDER, when he grieved in his ignorance that there were 'no more worlds to conquer,' could have had little conception of the feelings of the modern explorer, who gazes disconsolately at the map of the globe and reflects that soon the very name 'explorer' will cease to have a meaning. Of course there still remain regions like the Sahara, or the central wastes of Australia, where one may successfully wander from the beaten track and even find a lonely grave; but such adventures, now that everything essential is known regarding these regions, cannot be dignified by the name of exploration, and very soon the discovery of the North Pole will provide the only field for ambitious travellers. It is this speedy reduction in the number of *terrae incognitæ* which makes the condition of Tibet remarkable, though not quite so remarkable as is generally supposed. The broad facts of the case, as known to the public, are that in the heart of Asia, not very far from our Indian frontier, lies a country which is rigorously and successfully closed to all Westerners.

Attention has recently been specially directed to this region by the fact that one of the greatest explorers of modern times in central Asia, travelling under the highest protection and with every possible advantage, was not allowed to enter the closed province of which the heart is the sacred city of Lhasa, the capital of Tibet and the residence of the spiritual head of the Buddhist religion. Although this failure was only the last of many during the past half-century, the cause is not, as is generally supposed, so much the exclusiveness of the Tibetans themselves, as the jealous policy of China, the suzerain of Tibet. Unable to close their own country to the Westerner, the Chinese are determined at least to preserve this remote region, and hitherto their success has been remarkable.

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Tibet is difficult of access for physical reasons, being bounded on the north by a range of mountains (north of which is Chinese Turkestan) and by the Gobi desert of Mongolia, while further north again are the hitherto desolate plains of Siberia; on the south by that mighty 'abode of snow,' the Himalayas; on the west by the Pamir and Hindu Kush, and again beyond by the steppes, populated till lately by nomadic tribes; and on the east by the great width of China proper with its difficult western borderland.

Notwithstanding these natural barriers the earliest European explorers of Asia found their way to Tibet and to the capital, the first visitor being Friar Odoric, who reached Lhasa from Cathay in 1328. Three centuries later the Jesuit Andrada passed through Western Tibet from India to China, and was followed by Fathers Grüber and D'Orville, who came in the opposite direction from Peking to Lhasa and thence to Nepal. To illustrate the distance from Peking to Lhasa it may be mentioned that at the present day the envoys from China to the Dalai Lama take twelve months to go and come. The Jesuit fathers left pictures of Lhasa in which the palace of the Dalai Lama, then almost new, is shown standing where it does to-day. Their maps and sketches of the city were the only ones extant until last century. During the early part of the eighteenth century the Jesuits Desideri and Freyre reached Lhasa, and the Capuchin fathers under the leadership of Horace della Penna passed from Delhi to Lhasa and back via Nepal. A mission was actually established in the sacred city which lasted a quarter of a century, and a second mission was begun by Della Penna, in 1741, but in less than twenty years he was forced to abandon it. In that century the country was surveyed by lamas under the superintendence of the Jesuit fathers at Peking, and their maps remained in use for centuries. The Dutch explorer Van de Putte made many journeys in Tibet, starting from India, and undoubtedly visited Lhasa and made his way to Peking, returning by the same route, but of this unparalleled journey no record remains beyond a few little sketch maps. Van de Putte wandered about Asia for many years, and on his return from Tibet to India actually witnessed the sack of Delhi by Nadir Shah, in 1737. His notes, had they been preserved, would have been of singular value and interest, for he was the earliest traveller, in Tibet at all events, qualified to give a really valuable account of the country and people. Unfortunately a too great con-

scientiousness caused him to order the destruction of all his notes on his death, since he feared that, written roughly on scraps of paper and hardly intelligible at times, they might be garbled and give a wrong impression to the world. This extreme modesty and scrupulous desire for truth are singularly rare in these days, especially among certain of the travellers in Tibet.

A crucial period for Tibet arrived in 1721, when that country came finally under the domination of China, and from that time dates the hostility to Westerners which has become so marked a feature. To this influence may be traced the failure of the first Jesuit mission which was established in Lhasa when China became the predominant power there; and to it must also be attributed the expulsion of Della Penna in 1761. Van de Putte was not expelled, because he preserved his disguise. Tibet had been closed to India by events in Nepal and other states on the Indian frontier, and with the restoration of order an attempt was made by Warren Hastings, in 1744, to send an envoy to Lhasa, but George Bogle, although he visited the second lama of the kingdom at Shigatse, was not able to penetrate to the sacred capital.

In 1811 the first Englishman, and so far the only one, to accomplish the feat reached Lhasa. This was Thomas Manning, who started from Calcutta. He was accompanied by a Chinese interpreter, a Roman Catholic convert with whom he conversed in Latin, or in the Pekingese dialect which Manning learnt at Canton, whence he had hoped to explore the far interior. Manning was a private traveller, a man of great originality and very eccentric. Finding it impracticable to penetrate to the interior of China from Canton, he conceived the bold idea of making his way from India viâ Lhasa to China. He adopted no disguise and would not even conform to the ordinary customs of the country when visiting the temples at Lhasa. His hot temper led him to resent what he thought the impertinences of the Chinese, and altogether it is a tribute to the liberality of the Tibetans that he was permitted to stay in the sacred city at all. As it was he actually stayed five months, but left very meagre accounts of what he saw and heard. On his return to India he was disgusted at the treatment he received from the East India Company, and refused to talk about his journey or write any proper account, simply declaring that he was sick of the whole subject.

This interesting and singular man was the friend of Charles Lamb, referred to in 'Essays of Elia' as 'friend M.,' and it is said

that it was he who suggested to Lamb the famous story of 'The Origin of Roast Pig,' which he had evolved in China.

Tibet and Lhasa were next visited, in 1844-46, by the Abbé Huc, with a companion Gabet, and to this intrepid traveller and keen student of men we owe the most full and picturesque descriptions extant of the Tibetans. The Abbé, who knew nothing of science and had no eye for geography, but knew how to sketch character, was extremely well received by the Regent, who governed during the minority of the Dalai Lama and King. He made no concealment of his nationality or objects, and actually fitted up in Lhasa a little chapel for worship. 'Everyone is allowed to enter Lhasa, every one can come and go,' was his opinion; but he was reckoning without one of his hosts, for the Chinese envoy, then residing as a sort of overseer at the Tibetan capital, soon raised objections, and at length compelled the two Frenchmen to leave, sending them with an escort back to China. The Abbé Huc was extremely well conversant with Chinese character and methods, and had a certain hold over this very envoy, being acquainted with unpleasant facts in his past history; but he found that his friends the Tibetan officials, who sincerely wished him to remain, were too insecure in their positions and too divided among themselves to make an effective stand against Chinese dictatorship.

After this visit Lhasa remained for nearly forty years a closed book to the Western world, save for the exploits of one or two Indian surveyors. In 1866, and again in 1873, Pundit Nain Sing visited the city, and was rewarded by the Government of India with a pension and grant of land, and by the Geographical Society with its gold medal; and in 1879 'A.K.,' or Krishna, lived there for some months and made an elaborate survey of the city and its surroundings. This he did by pacing, since it would have been fatal to betray himself by using instruments. As he paced he kept tally with the beads of his rosary which he passed through his fingers, muttering to himself as if in prayer. Thanks to this ingenious and painstaking individual, of whose identity even we are hardly aware, we have a complete plan of the 'unknown' city.

In 1882, however, Lhasa was at length visited by a man who from education and training was able to enter fully into the native life, while at the same time describing it from the European standpoint. Had this man been a European, besides possessing

all the mental equipment of one, he would assuredly have earned a great name for himself in the annals of exploration. As it is, Rai Bahadur Sarat Chandra Das, a Bengali from Darjeeling, in the employ of the Educational Department of his Majesty's Government of India, wrote a full, true, and particular account of his journeys which, printed in the shape of a confidential Government report, has so far brought him little in the way of *kudos*. It is a curious fact that, although this report was so long treated by this country as private and confidential, copies were actually to be purchased in the open market at St. Petersburg soon after it was printed at the Indian Government Press at Calcutta. The Geographical Society are now publishing an edition, edited by Mr. W. W. Rockhill; but it is to be regretted that an account of this remarkable and interesting journey was not sooner given to the public, and that even now it is not to be issued in a popular form.

The accounts of the Abbé Huc and of Sarat Chandra Das are remarkably alike in many particulars, which shows that little had altered in Lhasa during a period so fraught with changes in the rest of the Mongol world. In one respect, however, there is a notable difference. The Hindu had to be most careful to preserve his disguise, although his race is not European. He entered the city unmolested, chiefly because his dejected attitude made the guards believe him to be sick, and their fear of the prevalent small-pox made them loath to touch him. Once within the city, he found little difficulty in maintaining his character as a pilgrim, owing to his profound acquaintance with the doctrine and practices of Buddhism. His departure took place a few weeks later, not on compulsion, but because the ravages of small-pox made his servants, on whom he was a good deal dependent, as they were lent by the minister who was protecting him, unwilling to stay longer. He relates, however, many instances of the vigilance used by the Chinese to keep out foreigners; even those from the province of Bhutan, on the Indian frontier, are prevented from going to Lhasa, with which place they have traded for centuries. He found Chinese officials seizing ponies for their own use, buying provisions at their own price, and generally tyrannising over the country folk.

Sarat Chandra Das uses no artifices to enhance the interest of his story. He tells it with a naïve simplicity, coloured only by his sympathy and liking for Tibetans, with whom he is able to

establish most cordial relations. He is careful not to offend their prejudices, which do not appear to him, as they might to a European, as childish and senseless. In return he receives much consideration at their hands ; for instance, in the matter of cleanliness it is always specially directed that his cooking must be done in a clean pot, since he is a stranger and accustomed to such very un-Tibetan ways. Understanding that he does not eat beef they are careful always to provide mutton, and altogether he gives the impression, confirmed by Huc, that the Tibetans are a very kind, good-natured people.

Of the hardships involved by the journey over the Himalayan passes Sarat Chandra Das speaks feelingly, and his sufferings must have been great, not only from the rarity of the atmosphere, which affected his lungs, but from the fatigues for which his spare frame, untrained in physical exercises, was unfitted. Travelling in Tibet must always be done on horseback or foot, for wheeled conveyances are unknown, and the only people in the kingdom privileged to use the sedan chair are the Dalai Lama, the Chinese Ampan, the Panchen Lamas, and occasionally the Regent.

Sarat Chandra Das was, besides, travelling as an ordinary pilgrim (a disguise which he was specially fitted to support) and consequently his outfit and attendants were as simple and few as possible. Prjevalsky, Bower, Littledale, Sven Hedin, and others attempted to reach Lhasa with escorts, camp equipages, passports, and recommendations, all of which served merely to draw the attention of the Chinese to their expeditions. Others who avoided the mistake of thus advertising their intentions made the equally fatal error of entering Tibet from the Chinese side, from which it is quite impossible to penetrate far without the knowledge of the Government. Then we have the exploits of several intrepid missionaries, including two ladies, Miss Taylor and Mrs. Rijnhardt, who, established on the Tibetan borderlands where they lived peaceably with the natives, tried to steal away into the forbidden province without any fuss. The impossibility of concealing their nationality, except for a time (as in the case of Mrs. Rijnhardt on the occasion of her escape by the connivance of the Chinese), the fact of their slight acquaintance with the language, and their natural refusal to conform to the practices of Buddhism, made it a foolhardy enterprise to attempt to reach Lhasa, and one can only suppose that the friendly attitude of the Tibetans had deceived them as to the true inwardness of the situation. It must be added

that the prevalence of robbery and brigandage in the borderlands makes travelling in small parties very risky. Finally, we have the case of a missionary equipped, as Sarat Chandra Das was, with a full knowledge of the country and language, as well as of Buddhism—the Abbé Desgodins. He also came from the China side, and was stopped and turned back by the Chinese officials. It may be added that, while the story of exploration in Tibet is full of hardships to be endured and of physical discomforts, and while the lamas as a rule are anxious to keep the foreigner out, there is nothing to indicate an unreasoning hatred of the foreigner on the part of the people, nor have travellers been treated with cruelty, except in such cases as those of Mr. Rijnhardt and M. Dutreuil de Rhins, who fell into the hands of brigands and were murdered.

Fortunately for Sarat Chandra Das, he had already a powerful friend in the country. This was a lama of high rank, a minister of the Crown, residing at Tashi-Lhunpo in the south of Tibet, whose acquaintance he had made some years previously. This minister was in the secret of his disguise, and knew quite well that he came from India and was by birth and education a 'Peling,' or British subject. The great man was extremely anxious to keep 'Pandibla' (Mr. Doctor) with him, to explain the scientific books of which he was possessed, and to show off the various instruments and contrivances he had brought with him. A watch to tell the days of the month was one of the treasures presented to his patron by Pandibla. Later on he heard that the Dalai Lama himself desired to possess such a watch, and he asked to be allowed to have it back, saying he would write for another. The minister looked thoughtful. 'It is a very handsome watch,' he remarked. 'Do you *really* want me to give it up?' Pandibla was full of tact—he assured the minister that it was a matter of no consequence.

The minister's thirst for information was insatiable, and ranged over every subject. He even began to learn English, but his religious duties gave him little leisure. Under his protection, and living in a comfortable room next his library, many months passed, during which our traveller studied hard at Buddhist lore, and his companion, a Bhutanese lama who had been trained as a surveyor, named Ugyen Gyatso, mapped the neighbouring country by means of pacing and counting on his rosary. He also brought in all the gossip of the place, whereby we get a pretty fair idea of the social and political condition of the country.

As we are chiefly concerned with Lhasa we must pass over most of Sarat Chandra Das's adventures *en route*. He was committed by his patron to the care of a Llacham, or 'king's lady'—in other words a princess, the wife of a minister of State. The picture of this great lady is the most interesting and vivid in the whole narrative. Pandibla admired her very much, mounted astride on her white pony, 'with handsome housings of embroidered cloth and beautiful Tartar saddle, held by richly dressed grooms. With her pearl-studded head-dress, her amulets of gold and ruby, her string of coral and finest amber, her dress made of finest satin, and her "kinkob" (mitre-shaped hat trimmed with pearls), she looked more like a heroine or a goddess.' Presumably Llacham did not follow the custom prevalent in and near Lhasa of blackening her face with a sort of glutinous paste before going out. This custom is said to have been instituted to prevent the lamas of the sacred city from being distracted by the beauty of the ladies they met in the streets.

With this princess Pandibla had many interesting conversations, especially on the subject of the position of women. In Tibet the fair sex occupy a very important place. The system of polyandry is in force there, and Llacham produced cogent arguments in its favour. She was evidently entirely satisfied with the arrangement, and was horrified at the account given her of the condition of Indian women. The harem, seclusion of women, perpetual widowhood, and suttee were as repugnant to her as to an English woman. As she said, the Tibetan woman is the real 'lady of all the joint earnings and inheritance of several brothers.' This is apparently literally true, for we hear from other travellers in Tibet that a man will not even conclude a bargain without consulting his wife.

Notwithstanding the superiority of their position, Tibetan women enjoy a bad reputation for morality. The Chinese say Tibet is a country of 'drabs, dogs, and lamas.' It is, however, impossible to decide as to the justice of the accusation, since their very freedom from restraint would appear improper to other Asiatics. It is no unheard-of thing for a Tibetan lady to be highly educated, and one woman occupies a unique position, being the head of one of the largest and most sacred monasteries inhabited by thousands of monks. This lady, who is supposed to be the re-incarnation of a goddess, was only twenty-six at the time of Pandibla's visit. She was own sister to the Llacham, and

when our traveller fell ill on the road to Lhasa he found an asylum at her monastery and was treated with much kindness. Among measures taken to procure his recovery by his faithful servants was the restoration to the water of five hundred fish just caught. This wholesale 'saving of life' is believed by the Tibetans to be very efficacious in 'acquiring merit,' and therefore certain to aid one's recovery. When at length Lhasa was reached, poor Pandibla was far from well. Indeed, one cannot be surprised when one reads of the way in which he took all the drugs offered him by well-meaning friends and at the same time dosed himself vigorously with medicines he had with him.

It is not difficult, by means of the descriptions of Huc and our traveller, to conjure up a picture of the sacred city; and considering that architecture in Tibet is usually of the most unornamental character, a bird's-eye view must be more impressive than might be expected. Dominating everything is the rugged mass of Potala, the palace of the Dalai Lama, itself some nine stories high in the centre, probably about three hundred feet high, and surmounting a conical hill. Flags and strings of coloured rags wave and flutter in the breeze from every window, and the gilt domes and roofs glitter in the sunshine. Round Potala are towers, chapels and pavilions, gleaming with gold and silver, and below lies the town, from which an avenue of giant trees leads to the palace. The centre of the city is the great temple, or cathedral, from which all the streets radiate. Here are also the Government offices. The houses are mostly of clay and sun-dried bricks, while those of the richer class are built of brick or stone, hewn into square blocks and neatly fitted. They are all given a coat of whitewash, which with the red-painted woodwork of the doors and windows imparts a fictitious air of cleanliness. Windows are sometimes glazed but more often papered in Chinese fashion, and the buildings rise from two to four stories, some having towers and gilded roofs. Within, the most striking characteristic is the dirt. Very few have any chimney or hole for smoke, which is expected to find its way out of door or window. Nevertheless the ceilings are frequently silk, the walls hung with satin or brocade and the floors glossy, but the effect is that of gaudy squalor. For furniture Tibetans have stuffed rags or flat cushions to sit on, with miniature tables on which food is set. Tea is drunk all day long, a favourite form being 'buttered tea,' a concoction of tea leaves stewed and mixed

with rancid butter and barley flour. Mutton and yak beef are eaten in great quantities, but our traveller speaks of the 'tsamba,' or barley gruel, as the 'national food.'

Out in the streets one finds the usual condition of Oriental cities—a few wide main roads well swept, and a tangle of narrow, filthy lanes. The best shops are kept by Chinese, but there are also booths belonging to Nepalese and Bhutanese traders, and there is a small mercantile community of Mussulmans, the descendants of Kashmiris. This community, having their own mosque and provost, was described by Huc, who conversed a great deal with the head-man. They displayed no desire to return to Kashmir, since they heard that their kingdom was practically under the rule of the 'Pelings.'

There is no city wall to Lhasa, for it was destroyed at the time of the Chinese conquest, and the Chinese probably prefer to leave it unrepaired. The city is girdled by gardens, with a belt of trees, beyond which are green meadows grazed by herds of sheep. The city is naturally a busy one, and streams of visitors pass through it—traders and pilgrims from Nepal, Bhutan, Mongolia, and China. Notwithstanding his extreme sanctity, the Incarnate Buddha seems to be very accessible. Any pilgrim who makes the necessary circuit of the chapels in the palace and works his way up to the top can, if he be so minded and have a suitable gift in hand, be received by the Dalai Lama and obtain his benediction. Pandibla, having been informed by his protectress that it would be quite safe for him to go, donned his *cho-sha* (monk's hat) and armed himself with the necessary incense-sticks, clarified butter to burn before shrines, and the inevitable presentation scarves, without which the simplest ceremony would be incomplete in Tibet. These scarves are used on every occasion, and of course differ in value according to circumstances. A call cannot be concluded without the presentation of one, and it is also used for wrapping letters and as a leading-string which the lama holds when a corpse is carried. Hundreds of these scarves are, therefore, an indispensable item in a traveller's equipment. A graceful way of accepting them without impoverishing the owner is to take them and then throw them over his neck. As a rule, however, presents are not refused in Tibet. A good-natured family who had showed some kindness to Pandibla were loth to accept the money he offered, but putting their own feelings aside they said that, as it was their duty in life to please

him, they would not deny him the pleasure of giving them presents! Besides the ceremonial scarf, Pandibla took a *tola* of gold for presentation to the Dalai Lama. This Being at the time of his visit was about nine years old, much the same age as the little Incarnate Buddhas seen by Manning and Huc on their respective visits.

The hall at the top of the palace in which the poor little fellow sat was full of solemn lamas, motionless and silent as the grave, each with his eyes fixed steadily on the tip of his own nose. In the midst of this grave assemblage sat the sacred head of the Buddhist religion, a bright, fair-complexioned boy with rosy cheeks, large and penetrating eyes, and an Aryan type of countenance. His frame was thin with fastings and prayers, and one cannot help feeling heartsick at the thought of the poor child, a mere puppet in reality though invested with so much sanctity, cut off by no fault of his own from all the joys of youth and probably destined to die a violent death in his early manhood, since the powers that be prefer a young and helpless Dalai Lama. No wonder that Manning, when he had visited the Dalai Lama of his time, could think of nothing but the beautiful face of the doomed child, and that he felt his eyes full of tears.

There is no doubt that the religious system of Tibet has been the ruin of the country, and has helped to place it at the mercy of the Chinese. The country swarms with monks, and every sixth person is either a lama or a novice. Both sexes retire to the lamasseries; and these gigantic establishments are practically supported by the country, and do nothing to justify their existence. The religion itself, originally introduced through the marriage of a Tibetan king with two princesses, of China and Nepal respectively, is debased and confused. It is grafted on to and mixed with older forms of spirit and devil worship, and the mythology is a vast agglomeration of tales in which gods, devils, and deified heroes are inextricably interwoven. The theory of reincarnation is carried to its furthest limits; but it is interesting to note that it was not till the time of the fifth Grand Lama that the idea of the reincarnation of Buddha in the person of the Dalai Lama was invented. At present the choice of this chief priest of Buddhism is decided in a curious fashion. When the time for reincarnation arrives (*i.e.* on the death of a Dalai Lama) search is made among certain families for a child in which the spirit is reincarnated. Narrowing the selection down to three by the

consultation of omens, they bring the three babies to the temple, and draw lots for them. The unsuccessful ones are rewarded by a sum of money; the unfortunate successful one takes up his residence at Potala.

The Dalai Lama was at one time the virtual ruler of Tibet, but to give him more time for spiritual exercises another official, practically a king, was appointed. Besides this there is frequently a regent, as at the time of Huc's visit when both Dalai Lama and king were under age. It is needless to say that China has a voice in the selection of all these; and, moreover, a Chinese resident, or Ampan, watches over the kingdom, being assisted by a junior Ampan. Nominally he deals merely with military affairs and foreign relations, leaving religious and civil matters to the Tibetan rulers. As a matter of fact he controls everything.

Notwithstanding the differing experiences of various travellers, one cannot fail to be struck by a certain sameness in their descriptions and unanimity of opinion as regards Tibetan character. Sarat Chandra Das, who gives the most up-to-date and enlightened account of these, was able to speak from the inside, as it were, and in his pages we get a view of the *vie intime* of Tibet which is far more interesting and valuable than mere *impressions de voyage*. We have already dealt with the superior position of women, which is usually considered a test of a people's civilisation. In other respects, however, they are a good deal behind their neighbours. They do not bury their dead, but dispose of them in one of three ways, the lamas deciding as to which. Either they throw the body into a river, or burn it, or (more often) merely expose it to birds and beasts of prey. In personal cleanliness, too, they are among the lowest of semi-civilised people, being on the same level as the nomad Mongols. There is no occasion for a washer-woman or man; nothing is ever washed unless it is valuable and appears to be actually getting spoilt for want of water. Ablutions of any sort are practically unknown, and the place of soap for the necessary shaving of lama heads is taken by 'sugpa powder.' The minister who protected Pandibla must have been very much ahead of his time, for his barber used a cake of Pears' soap for the operation.

Every Tibetan carries in a little bag a wooden cup or porringer, in which he takes his tea or barley-gruel. When empty he licks it out and replaces it, and a like process is considered to cleanse any vessel used in cooking. Meat is taken

out of the pot with the fingers, which are afterwards wiped on the clothes or anything which comes handy. The Buddhist dislike of taking life is made by them to apply even to human parasites, and Sarat Chandra Das relates in several places the efforts he made to escape what he calls the 'demon-bug.' The three great faults of the Tibetans are said to be greediness, dirt, and immorality. Of the first, however, we have no very damning evidence, except in the demand for presents, which seems to be no worse in Tibet than in other parts of Central Asia. As to the second fault neither extenuation nor excuse can be pleaded; and as regards the third it is to be feared that there is some truth in it. The number and size of the lamasseries and the system by which they are worked would vitiate the morals of any people.

The general impression left by the perusal of all the records of travel in Tibet at present extant is that, on the whole, it is not an interesting country. The ever-turning prayer-wheels, the sombre dresses of the lamas, the continual consumption of buttered tea—these are characteristic, and recur in all descriptions till they become monotonous. Certain quaint and curious customs, such as the 'rope dance' (which is more like a rope slide in reality, since the performers whirl down the ropes on their stomachs), the mask dances of the lamas, and other *fêtes* in connection with their religion give a note of colour to the story; but on the whole Tibet is singularly devoid of interesting sights. There is no native art. Such carving as exists is done by the Hindus. Silks, satins, and embroideries are brought from China. The roughest pottery only is home-made, and the metal-work and jewelry is all made by the Nepalese. Even leather and saddlery come from Mongolia. Tibetan literature is rich only in preposterous fables; neither does there seem to be any native music worth mentioning. There are practically no manufactures, and, though the country is said to be rich in minerals, no mining is carried on.

It will be seen from this brief survey that we have now a fairly complete description of the Forbidden City, thanks to our Indian traveller, while the other parts of Tibet have been to a great extent explored and surveyed. The recent observations of Sven Hedin in the difficult north and north-western region, added to the surveys made by our Indian agents in the south and east, will make our knowledge of the geography of Tibet fairly complete and accurate. There is no doubt that Russia, through

her Kalmuk and Tartar agents, has been able to acquire a great deal of information which is not open to us ; and it is a significant fact that a Kalmuk chief in Russian employ has actually taken a very excellent photograph of Potala. Even more significant, perhaps, is the fact that recently a deputation of lamas from Lhasa actually went to St. Petersburg, where they were received with great distinction.

Valuable as is the information acquired at so much pains by Sarat Chandra Das, it is not evident that any particular use has been made of it. It has been said that personally he got little *kudos* ; but, from the writer's knowledge of him, that is not the thing which has most affected him. After his visit to Lhasa he went to Peking and learnt something of Mongol Buddhism ; and he has always indulged in the hope that he might some day make another journey to Lhasa, and, if possible, open communications between India and Tibet. This he had not been permitted to do, and the only attempt made to utilise his services was by attaching him to the abortive Colman Macaulay mission, which was planned by the Government of India. With his equipment and experience he could have done valuable work in more than one department of the Government political service. As it is, he lives at Darjeeling, at 'Lhasa Villa,' a quiet-looking, gentle-mannered man, just like a typical Bengali schoolmaster. No one would suspect him of being one of the most intrepid as well as the most successful explorers of the day—the man who got to Lhasa.

PROSPECTS IN THE PROFESSIONS.

V. ENGINEERING.

ENGINEERING as a profession is of comparatively recent growth. Its development, concurrently with the advances made in applications of physical science to practical purposes, has been of late years remarkable. Its future must be assured wherever commerce and the manufacturing arts are pursued. Notwithstanding the uncertainty of the reward attached to it, an engineering career appears to be no less attractive now to youths whose mental tendency is of the imaginative and constructive order than it was formerly, when engineering had hardly emerged from the condition of a craft, many of the principles of which were but dimly perceived, and when 'rule of thumb' governed all but the masters of the art.

Engineering is not a profession whose range and limitations admit of exact definition, and an attempt to reduce its requirements to a mere formula is unlikely to be of much service, and it is certain to be productive of some harm. The field of engineering is so wide, its literature so extensive, and its relationships with arts, science, and manufactures so complex, that it is hardly surprising to find a clear knowledge of its scope somewhat rare among the general body of the public; to whose service, nevertheless, in the noble words of the original charter of the Institution of Civil Engineers, the profession is dedicated.

It must be of no slight importance to the thousands of young men who every year, interested in the operations of engineers, or it may be dazzled by their exploits, seek to follow this calling, that they should appreciate what the term 'engineer' really implies. Whether military or civil—the two main divisions of the profession—it is essential to understand at the outset that all true engineering is based upon the teachings and experience which are embraced under the wide term of natural philosophy. The true meaning of the word to-day differs only in degree from that originally attached to the French 'ingénieur,' from which it was adapted. The origin of that word indicates one who contrives

by thought the means of succeeding in his task. Shakespeare used it in such a sense in 'Othello':

Does tire the ingener,

although elsewhere he employs the restriction of 'engineer' or 'engineer,' common in his time, to a person in military service occupied with works of fortification.

It is scarcely necessary to refer to the supposition that the 'engineer' derives his appellation from the word 'engine'—an example of the inversion of cause and effect. Whilst the design of engines for all purposes occupies an important place in the province of the engineer, the artisan whose labour, sometimes indeed highly skilled, is engaged in the realisation of such designs, or in attendance upon the working of those machines, is not an engineer.

Notably in Italy, but also in this country, the earlier important works undertaken by civilians, with which the term engineering was associated, were only of a mechanical character in the true scientific sense of that term. Later, the almost overwhelming importance of the development of the steam-engine, and consequently of other machines, lent in England, fifty or sixty years ago, some colour to the impression that a man who could construct an engine, or even a part of it, was an 'engineer' on that account alone.

True, many of those who then, and since then, attained distinction as engineers were trained simply as mechanics. They owed their success, however, largely to personal qualities, distinct from manual skill—qualities of observation and reasoning, which cannot be said to be necessarily developed by a course of workshop practice. A little stress is laid upon the point, because, owing to a superficial view common enough a generation back, and not yet wholly eradicated, it was thought that a boy of quite indifferent education, if sent for seven years or five years 'through the shops,' might fairly chance thereby to gain the key to success as an engineer.

How many failures, complete or partial, attested the unsoundness of that view cannot be told. Fortunately, the enormous development of industries requiring mechanical skill of every degree still found a place for the half-educated youth who had been 'through the shops,' and who retained that part of his education which, apart from learning, is happily found in the traditions of a good English school. The late Sir William Anderson thus

expressed the feelings of many of his professional colleagues in the course of his delivery of the 'James Forrest' lecture in 1893: 'The old arrangement must come to an end. We must not be deceived by our past experience, when, supported by our immense and exceptional natural advantages, it may be admitted that our rough system worked fairly well.'

The Continental schools of engineers have not laboured under the disadvantages attending the 'rough system' referred to. Whilst the elaborate nature of their educational system has, perhaps, not allowed unaided genius to be so marked among them as has been the case in this country and in America, it must be admitted that the best results are attained from a large infusion of the theoretical and scientific element into that process of teaching by a form of apprenticeship which occupies so conspicuous a place in all English methods of training.

What are the duties and functions required of an engineer? He is, in the first place, a designer—one who conceives or selects the most appropriate applications of the powers of Nature, and employs them in the most economical and effective manner to execute the ends in view. In the second place, he must carry his proposals into effect with a due regard for the human element which forms so large a factor in industrial operations. He must be, in a word, both a scientific and a practical man. It is on this account that engineering has come to be regarded in the light of a profession in this country—a position it had long previously occupied in some other countries, even although its practice there had not then produced such original and striking results as the wealth and resources of England enabled its engineering giants to achieve.

An historical sketch of the growth of civil engineering is probably of little interest to the generality of persons. To no inconsiderable number, however, must the question arise daily, What is the best course to pursue in order to ensure some measure of success as a civil engineer? For the military engineer, as well as for service in certain Government departments, the problem is solved by official ordinances and examinations. Entrance into the Corps of Royal Engineers, obtained by a course not very different from those employed in the training and final selection of engineers for civilian service in Continental countries, may in India and elsewhere lead to high posts upon civil work which is under the control or direction of the Government.

What, however, is to be the course of training of a young man who is to make his way, without patronage of any kind, among the ordinary civil engineers of this country? What are the personal qualifications essential to such success? What is the cost of entering, and what the prospect of reward at an early stage?

The first two of these questions have been repeatedly touched upon in the public utterances of the heads of the engineering profession during the past thirty-five years. The latter questions could probably be best answered by persons of less mature experience, who would find little inducement to make a public statement on the subject.

To begin, however, with the training of an engineer. A comparison of the views enunciated by such eminent and experienced men as the late Sir John Fowler and the late Mr. Thomas Hawksley of the past generation, of Sir John Wolfe-Barry, Sir William Preece and others in recent years, indicates a consensus of opinion that a sound and liberal education is of the first importance to a young man who contemplates a career in any department of civil engineering.

So strongly had this view gradually impressed itself upon the Institution of Civil Engineers, that evidence of such general knowledge was required by it as a condition of entrance of a student, years before it was thought necessary to test by examination the scientific and technical knowledge possessed by candidates for election to membership of the corporation. The requirements of that institution afford a sufficient idea of the progress which a boy should have made at school before commencing a professional training. He must be a fair English scholar, with some knowledge of the history and literature of his country. His mathematics must be distinctly good—a considerably higher standard being required than that demanded at entrance to such professions as that of the law, or of medicine. He must prove an acquaintance with scientific methods by an elementary knowledge of at least one branch of science; to which is added a second science, or a language, at the candidate's option.

Supposing a boy has reached, say, seventeen or eighteen years of age, and leaves school thus equipped, what is the first step to an engineering career? Unlike the law or medicine, and other professions based upon sciences no less exact than those which govern engineering practice, success in the latter has been and is attained so frequently by different routes that it would be

an imprudence to lay down a single course as the only one, or even as the best one, to be followed by all.

The main requirements are, as already indicated, a knowledge of scientific principles, as well as an acquaintance with methods of their application which have been approved by the experience of actual practice. It may seem a simple and logical course, then, to say, let the engineering tiro first learn the theory of his subject, and then let him seek experience of its application in practical work. That is simple enough, and is a course often adopted in these days, when facilities for scientific instruction are so abundant. This system possesses, however, disadvantages which must be fairly weighed against it before action is decided on in any particular case. In the first place, true engineering theory (involving, as it does, both scientific and economical questions) is difficult to appreciate clearly and fully apart from its realisation in practice. It is obvious that such illustration as a school or college can afford must fall short of this; and there is some risk of inadequate theoretical notions becoming entertained by a student who as yet has no real experience of engineering practice. Secondly, if the college course be fairly complete—say, three or four years—the young man reaches twenty-one or twenty-two years of age to find himself only on the threshold of his business training. This is especially disadvantageous as regards workshop practice, of which every engineer should have some, and which is not very conveniently, or perhaps beneficially, embarked upon at such an age.

Temperament and individual faculty will in many cases do much to minimise these drawbacks; and, as a fact, in the majority of cases in which a regular college or university course is pursued as part of the preparation, that course is taken immediately after leaving school—a time which undoubtedly offers the best prospect of scholastic success.

On the other hand, it has been proposed by engineers whose authority to speak on this question cannot be gainsaid, that the peculiar character of the engineering profession renders a different course desirable. It is held that a boy should, at the very outset of his career, get in touch with the world of practice, and should acquire at an early period that attitude towards the problems with which he is confronted which distinguishes the engineer from the philosopher. It has even been urged that a considerable period of practical training should precede a university course. The

difficulties to the student are, however, so obvious that it is hardly surprising the plan last referred to is seldom adopted.

A compromise between these two methods promises, we think, the best solution of the really difficult problem of combining in a proper degree the scientific and the practical training which most persons are agreed must go to form the competent engineer.

It would appear, however, that the Scottish engineering schools are the only establishments of university rank in the United Kingdom where such a course is at all practicable. At the Scottish universities an engineering student may alternate the six months' 'winter session' in each year with six months' practical training in the office, the field, or the workshop. No inconsiderable number of young men are attracted to those universities by the facilities thus afforded them of acquiring a fair degree of practical training, as well as of qualifying for a degree in science, within a period of, say, five years. Of course the foregoing plan necessitates an arrangement of pupilage under an engineer, which is doubtless rather unusual. Ample proof exists that there is little difficulty attached to this if it is tried, and that the results are generally satisfactory.

An advocate of this system of training may be met by an argument, advanced by many foreign engineering schools, and in some degree favoured by similar institutions both at home and in the Colonies. It is suggested that the equipment of the best modern laboratories is so complete that the necessary practical training is, in effect, secured there by the student during his college career—at all events, so far as workshop practice is concerned. A large number of students emerging from such colleges do actually at once find remunerative employment as assistants in or upon engineering works, where they may by degrees acquire through experience the knowledge which pupilage or apprenticeship to a practising engineer is in other cases designed to afford. They must, however, in many instances suffer the disadvantage inseparable from gaining such experience in a rather narrow and restricted groove. It can scarcely be expected that an employer will, particularly in these days of highly specialised work, both pay an assistant for his services and vary his occupation for his benefit. Yet to become a sound engineer such an assistant must obtain a general insight into the different operations of constructive engineering—be the result machinery, railways, docks, municipal works, mining, or any other branch—which a

pupil or an apprentice pays for in money or by service. As we are concerned rather with fact than opinion, it may be sufficient to point out that a period of about three years of actual practical training is required by the rules of the Institution of Civil Engineers. As such training must involve experience both in the office and in the workshop or upon the works, it is obvious that a term of actual pupilage is a most desirable supplement to the scientific and experimental teaching afforded by the engineering colleges.

When that teaching can be obtained as nearly as practicable concurrently with pupilage or apprenticeship the best results are likely to ensue. Opinions may differ as to the most serviceable period of alternation between the one and the other. It may, however, be safely said that if the curricula of the leading English engineering colleges could be modified in this respect, there would be, without diminution of the total period of scientific study, a great gain to many serious students. They would then not only obtain at an earlier age a comprehensive grasp of the applications of science in actual practice, but would be enabled to shorten by one or two years the period of their complete training, as compared with the present system.

Enough has been said to show the general direction which preparation for the profession should take. Such details as the most appropriate subjects to be taken up may be best learned from the programmes of study laid down by the leading engineering schools. Individual tastes and opportunities will determine under what auspices the very important element of practical training is to be acquired. It would be an invidious task to enter upon a discussion of the relative merits of engineering schools. Suffice it to say that establishments of the highest rank are to be found in nearly all the important industrial centres of the United Kingdom. The universities of Glasgow, Edinburgh and St. Andrews—among the first to have recognised the importance of scientific training especially applicable to engineering—continue to hold a very prominent place as engineering schools of university standard. Coming south, the Newcastle College of Science, connected with the Durham University; the Victoria University, with its constituent colleges at Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds; the newly established University of Birmingham; the University of South Wales at Cardiff; the University of Cambridge, King's College, University College, and

the Central Technical College in London, all occupy a position that renders their degrees or diplomas in engineering a guarantee of sound knowledge of the principles upon which it is based. In Ireland, likewise, Trinity College, Dublin, and the Queen's Colleges at Belfast, Cork and Galway afford similar facilities to engineering students.

This list must not be supposed to exhaust the choice offered to students. There are many other institutions in the United Kingdom in which excellent instruction of a like kind can be obtained, both at day and at evening classes. So much is this the case that, far from experiencing difficulty in obtaining guidance in his studies, the engineering student is not a little bewildered sometimes by the conflict of programmes and curricula which these various establishments present to an inquirer.

This is important, because it is now the fact, and seems likely to continue to be so, that a considerable number of engineers must, by force of circumstances, enter their profession without that full and complete course of scientific study which is afforded by the leading colleges. The essential results may be, and often are, attained in a satisfactory degree by earnest students through private study during their pupilage, supplemented by instruction at evening classes or by partial attendance on the more complete programmes of some of the colleges in question.

It is, then, obvious that a parent who is confronted with the task of launching a son into the engineering profession will do well to consider the place, or places, where the training must be acquired; the time at disposal before it is essential that a money-earning stage should be reached; and the means available to pay for instruction both in the science and the art of his calling.

The due combination of all these factors often forms a source of anxiety and doubt to parents and guardians. But there is really very little difficulty in answering the questions raised by any particular case, if it be judged upon the general lines we have indicated. Given a boy healthy, strong and earnest—for without those natural qualifications the idea of an engineering career had better be dismissed at the onset. Assume that he possesses that hardly less important trait of character which finds its expression in aptitude for organisation, and that his general education is sound. Whatever his particular bent at the moment—whether his imagination is held by ideas of great bridges and railways, of locomotives, or of the stupendous machines that drive the ocean

steamships, of the delicate mechanical organisms in textile manufactures, of mining, of hydraulic work in its many branches, or of the manifold applications of electricity to the use and service of mankind—let him determine in the first place to master applied mechanics, and to realise by practice how that powerful aid to the sense reaches every department of civil engineering.

Circumstances, domestic and pecuniary, will affect the settlement of even the details of a career after its principal direction has been agreed upon. If a youth has a special aptitude and liking for mechanical work, it is probable that he cannot begin too young to form a practical acquaintance with machinery and with the methods of its construction. But in engaging as a pupil or an apprentice in the workshops, he should understand that his object should be rather to learn the processes carried out there, and the organisation and management of the labour employed, than to become himself expert as an artisan in any particular department. Consequently, in selecting the works he is to enter, regard will be paid less to their size and the magnitude of the work carried on in them, than to the opportunities which appear likely to be afforded him of participating in, and of thus obtaining an insight into, a variety of operations. The same general principle may be said to hold good in regard to the practical part of the training, no matter what particular branch of the profession is adopted. But it may be reiterated that many engineers of experience hold strongly the view that the practical training in every department of engineering should embrace some period of workshop experience. If this was true formerly—and the record of many distinguished engineers bears witness in its favour—how much more pressing is the need of such knowledge and experience at the present day, when machinery occupies so conspicuous a place in every engineering operation?

The requisite term of pupilage is a matter governed by the practice of individual masters. Four or five years is a common, and is probably a sufficient, term in most cases. This is not infrequently shortened to three years where a complete course of appropriate scientific study has preceded, or is arranged to run concurrently with, the pupilage. It is of course impracticable to set forth in any general and useful terms the steps to be taken to find the engineer, or the firm of engineers, into whose office or works a young man is to enter as a pupil. That must form the subject of individual inquiry in every case. A safe rule is to

avoid advertisements, to ascertain that the master whom it is proposed to approach has plenty of work actually under construction, and to be prepared to pay a good premium to secure a place under such conditions. Premiums ordinarily range from 300% to 600%, and are sometimes higher. Add to this that important works are frequently executed in remote places, and that a special allowance may be needed to enable the pupil to live there in order to gain experience of such work. If the expenditure on this part of a pupil's training seems heavy, it must be remembered that there may be, in passing through the office or works of a well-known man, a considerable incidental gain from that association, apart from the intrinsic value of the knowledge acquired. Many engineers will not take pupils at any price; and, especially with the mechanical engineers of the North, it is becoming a practice to take young men, not as pupils paying premiums—thereby enjoying some privileges and indulgences which are not always conducive to discipline in a large workshop—but only as ordinary apprentices, and that without specific indentures.

In the choice of engineering as a profession the question is often asked, What branch offers the best prospect of advancement and emolument? The answer to that question is hedged about by so many hypotheses and conditions, that it becomes very doubtful whether it is desirable for a youth to aim definitely from the outset at a specialised branch of his future calling. Where he has interest to secure a career in a particular office, or when capital is available to enable him to embark in manufacture, or, again, if he proposes to enter the civil engineering service of a Government department, this of course does not hold good.

If such be his intention, some early specialisation of training may be useful, and in the last-mentioned case is generally necessary. So far is this the case that, as regards the Public Works Department of India, the Royal Indian Engineering College is maintained for the immediate purpose of affording the training deemed requisite for engineers proposing to enter that service.

In general, however, where no such prospects exist, it is better that the training should be such as to enable the young engineer, upon its conclusion, to avail himself of whatever opportunities of employment may then present themselves. Operations in the various branches of engineering are not so dissimilar that a young man well trained in the practice of any one of them, possessing a fair practical knowledge of mechanical work, and conversant with

the theory and principles of construction, as well as with such scientific subjects as chemistry, metallurgy and electricity, need find difficulty in rendering satisfactory service in several other branches. It need scarcely be argued how considerably this affects the chances of remunerative employment. Early specialisation, on the other hand, confines its object to a comparatively narrow groove, that may not ultimately prove to be the best suited to his capacities.

The cost of professional training varies largely with its completeness. The expense of a three or four years' course at college can be easily arrived at. To this should be added anything between 500*l.* and 1,000*l.* as the cost of pupilage, with the maintenance expenses that may be fairly regarded as incidental to this part of the training.

Lastly, it must be felt, when the most carefully considered arrangements have been planned for a boy's training, to ensure its completeness in all the essential respects, that there is a vagueness and uncertainty as to the ultimate issue. What is he to do with his knowledge when he has acquired it, and in what market is he to offer his skill?

These are very pertinent questions; but there is no more a royal road to success in engineering than in any other profession. Engineering, however, is fortunate in the possession of powerful organisations, which, founded for the advancement of applied science by the mutual efforts of their members, indirectly aid in no small degree the personal interests of the younger of them.

Chief of these is the Institution of Civil Engineers, which numbers among the seven thousand names upon its roll every civilian engineer of distinction in the British Empire, and, in accordance with the terms of the Royal Charter of its incorporation, granted in 1828, makes no distinction as to the particular branch in which any one of its members may practise. Its requirements are complied with by proof of competence as a civil engineer in the broad meaning of that term. This body, by means of its examinations, its rules as to training, and the high moral tone it maintains, has always set the standard of engineering proficiency in this country, and is generally regarded as the representative body of the profession.

Whilst the technical and other qualifications for entrance into the Institution of Civil Engineers are undoubtedly stringent, it is the part of wisdom for every young man who intends to follow the calling of an engineer to attach himself to it. He may first

join as a student, when eighteen years of age ; he may qualify for election into the Corporation at twenty-five, and at thirty he may become a full member if his record justifies him in making such a claim. It cannot be too seriously urged upon the student of engineering that he should seek admission to the Institution at an early age. By means of that association he may acquaint himself gradually, during the progress of his educational career, with the direction his training should take in detail, with the unwritten rules of practice, and, above all, with that personal element which, in the engineering profession probably more than in any other, conduces to success both in the earlier and the later phases of a man's career.

As the young engineer's experience becomes extended, and his practice specialised, he will find it advantageous to attach himself to other societies whose proceedings are exclusively devoted to the consideration of the more important branches of the profession. It must, however, not be lost sight of that to deserve success as an engineer a man's training and qualifications must be of that order, broad-based upon the principles of exact science, which he will do well to acquire under the *ægis* of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

The emoluments of a successful engineer may not reach beyond the dreams of avarice ; fortunes are not frequently acquired in the profession, but a young man who makes himself really efficient may be sure of living well by his work from the outset of his career in actual practice. Let, however, the young engineer not apply too restricted a meaning to the word efficient. He must be well acquainted with the theory and the practice of his calling. But the human element enters very largely into engineering, with all the complexities introduced by the application of labour and capital to produce its results.

One of the most profound philosophers of the seventeenth century observed, 'Good sense is, of all things amongst men, the most equally distributed ; for everyone thinks himself so abundantly provided with it that those even who are the most difficult to satisfy in everything else, do not usually desire a larger measure of this quality than they already possess.'

The cry of overcrowded professions cannot be entirely disregarded ; but as regards engineering at the present day, it may safely be said, that if a young man by the completeness of his training deserves to succeed in it, he may by the exercise of that attribute which the philosopher held to be so widely distributed command success.

GERMS OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

LOCKHART remarks in the 'Life of Scott' that the germs of the Waverley Novels are to be found in 'The Border Minstrelsy' and the notes to the Ballads. Naturally the remark applies even more to the poems that came fresh from the mint of the youthful minstrel. When the 'Minstrelsy' appeared, Scott had been 'making himself,' as his guide and companion Shortreed expressed it, during their rides in Liddesdale. Like his Border *protégé*, Mungo Park, and with the enthusiasm of his friend Leyden—the lamp of varied lore, too early quenched—he had broken almost untrodden ground, and explored regions of poetry and romance, rich in unsuspected treasures. 'Odd,' said Dandie Dinmont to the housekeeper of Lady Singleside, when hospitably inviting her to Charlie's Hope, 'odd, but ye maun take a pony o'er the Limestone rig—deil a wheeled carriage ever gaed into Liddesdale.' Whether 'riding the wan water,' breast high, when the border streams were coming down in spate, or emerging from mist or snowdrift to seek quarters for the night at lonely hill-steadings, Scott was passionately in love with adventure, and devoted to the study of humanity. We do not know that the germs of all the novel-plots are to be found in the 'Minstrelsy,' but everywhere we see the suggestions for the picturesque and dramatic episodes. Assuredly we have the secrets of the marvellous facility and versatility which took the world by storm, when success followed success with breathless rapidity till strength succumbed to labour and troubles. Late in life, he wrote of his clever imitators, when he had been skimming their novels in a post-chaise, 'Ecod, it was lucky we got the start of those fellows;' but that entry in the diary goes on to congratulate himself, that whereas they had to hunt up their facts and stage properties, he had the one at his finger-ends and the other within easy reach. There was the grand secret. He had the genius of selection. He had accumulated stores of knowledge in a retentive and peculiar memory. It assimilated and stereotyped all that suited his purposes. Of the tenacity of his memory there are remarkable examples. The Ettrick Shepherd was complaining that he had lost the manuscript of a song he had written. Scott said smilingly, 'Take your

pencil, Jamie, I think I can give it you.' He had only heard it once and many years before, but he dictated it, word for word. It is even more suggestive of that gift that when his brain was failing, when the old chords vibrated to the sight of some battle-field or fortalice, he would croon long stanzas of appropriate ballads.

Fancy was ever coming to the aid of memory. He remembered not only what he had seen, but recalled what he had imagined. He tells himself how, passing through Yorkshire, he had peopled the rude Saxon keep of Coningsburgh with such a gathering as had flocked to the funeral of Athelstane. Much more then did he vividly realise scenes comparatively modern. In the gayest company he was given to fits of abstraction, and the inspiration he could not have controlled if he would was always transporting him into realms of fancy. He was the most genial of companions on that cruise to the Shetlands to which we are indebted for 'The Pirate,' but we are told by Erskine, his dearest friend, that there were times when he would stand apart, wrapt in meditation, and then no one of his intimates ventured to intrude upon him. He threw off such scenes in the poems of chivalry as the story of Flodden, when his blood had been boiling at fever heat. 'I had many a grand gallop on these braes when thinking of Marmion,' he said regretfully to Lockhart, 'but a canny trotting pony must serve me now.' And he was ever refreshing familiar recollections, and preparing for next morning's work, when thinning his young plantations with his faithful henchman, Tom Purdie. The chroniclers and historians were at hand in his library, but we fancy no master of the lighter literature ever had less need for books of reference, till he set himself to slave at the Life of Napoleon, with a pencil in his teeth and the note-book in his left hand.

That memory of his seized on all that was most picturesque in scenery or incident, on all that was most graphically illustrative of character. What strikes us most forcibly in Scott is his intuitive and introspective grasp of historical personalities. They pass before us in the Novels in a lifelike panorama, and the traits of the Scotsmen, with scarcely an exception, are to be clearly traced in the historical Ballads or the notes. For some, as for Claverhouse, the romantic old Cavalier showed an eccentric, we might say a perverse, predilection, which struggled in vain with his calmer judgment. Yet he strove to be fair, and seldom tampered with his serious convictions, though the poetry in the temperament would get the better of the prose.

Croker, who was no bad judge, said, after a merry evening at Carlton House, that the best *raconteurs* he had ever listened to were Walter Scott and the King. Sometimes, as Scott himself admitted, he would give a story a cocked hat and gold cane; sometimes, as he confessed of Caleb Balderstone's housekeeping, he would sprinkle the parsley somewhat freely over the chicken. But never had anyone so sure a *flair* for a story that could be told effectively—for an incident that could be developed dramatically. No matter whether it were mythical, legendary, or historical, sensational, humorous, or superstitious. In the volumes of the 'Minstrelsy' we are perpetually stumbling upon notes which were to be expanded; on casual allusions to the stirring life of old Scotland, which were afterwards to be wrought up into his most thrilling scenes. Often, in poem or novel, he repeats the very phrases that had taken his fancy—phrases specially illustrative of the thought or manners of the time—and indeed there are few writers of such originality and fertility who have more frequently plagiarised on themselves in so many trivial details.

We may accept Lockhart's dictum with some slight reserve. No one was more familiar with his father-in-law's writings, and moreover there were innumerable conversations in his memory which came in by way of commentary and elucidated the cryptic. In following up his pregnant suggestion, our remarks must necessarily be desultory. Heroic and chivalrous types always appealed to Scott's enthusiasm in every shape, and even those of the Cameronian fanatics whom he detested supplied him with his most impressive subjects. In the singularly graphic monograph prefacing the Ballads which traces the troubled history of the Borders, and paints the wild manners of the freebooting barons and their reiving mosstroopers, one of the first references is to 'the formidable House of Douglas.' The Bruce, the Baliol, and the Soulis had passed away; the Douglasses, descendants of 'the dark grey man,' had risen to unrivalled power on the disappearance of those once powerful families. As Scott says in 'The Tales of a Grandfather,' they had often cast their coronet into the scale against the Crown, and, as Mr. Lang has emphasised in his 'History of Scotland,' too often their ambition was fatal to their country. But, as King Robert said at council in the Dominican Convent in the Fair City, the broad breast of the Douglas had been Scotland's best bulwark. In Scott's eyes their patriotism and martial renown covered a multitude of sins. The chivalrous

achievements at home and abroad, the masterful intrigues, and the misfortunes of the aspiring house fired his fervent imagination. They stand out among the foremost in his great historic pictures, and it can only have been because life and time failed him that he did not seize upon the tragic incidents—so grimly characteristic of the crimes and horrors of those troubled times—of the murder of the young brothers in the Maiden Castle and the foul assassination of their successor at the hands of his host and sovereign. But the brothers saw their doom in the bull's head, thrown on the table after the banquet, and effective use is made of that sinister death sign in the death scene of the ill-fated Robin of Rothsay. Sundry Douglasses are passed in review in the 'Minstrelsy,' whom Scott singled out as striking subjects. 'The good Lord James,' brother-in-arms of the Bruce, who 'loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak,' is the hero of 'Castle Dangerous.' The novel was written in the author's decline, but the smouldering fires had flickered again after a visit to the tombs of the Douglasses in Douglasdale. There are flashes of the old spirit at its brightest in the surprise at the church on Palm Sunday and in the death of the rugged forester, devoted soul and body to his feudal lord, one of the fighting Turnbull clan, who, in 'The Raid of the Reidswire,' 'convoyed the town of Jedburgh out.' Such knightly vows as that of Sir John Walton, pledged for honour and love of his lady to hold the Castle Perilous for a year and a day, or of that of Robert of Paris, champion of Our Lady of the Broken Lances, are illustrated at length in the notes to 'Auld Maitland.'

After the good Lord James comes Archibald the Grim, in 'The Fair Maid of Perth,' incarnation of all the pride and terror of the race, whose will was iron and whose word was law. In the Ballads is the touching death-song of the hero of Otterbourne and 'Chevy Chase,' falling in battle, with his wounds in front, and praying to be buried under the bracken bush, that no Southron may triumph in the knowledge that 'a kindly Scot lies here.' In 'The Fair Maid' we see the great feudal barons in their sternest aspect, when the grim Archibald galloped through the streets with his train of knights and wild, reiving riders, the armed burghers cowering as he passed, like 'muirfowl beneath the flight of the eagle.' The romantic story of Douglas of Kilsplindie is transferred bodily from the Ballads to 'The Lady of the Lake.' The Knight of Snowdown, hero of many a wild and amorous adventure,

had freed himself from the rude guardianship of the Douglasses, and when the detested family had been defeated and proscribed, he swore that a Douglas 'should never see his face again.' Yet one of them, this Kilspindie, had been dear to him. He was wont to call him his Greysteil, after a famous champion and knight-errant. Kilspindie had followed his chief to France, and fought gallantly under the *fleur-de-lys*. Weary of exile, the aged warrior resolved to return to his native land and throw himself on his old pupil's clemency. As James returned from hunting to the park of Stirling, he saw a stalwart figure he recognised, and exclaimed, 'Yonder is my Greysteil.' Kilspindie threw himself on his knees, imploring permission to die in his own country. The King was obdurate to his old favourite's prayer, but inevitably the poem has a happier ending.

The Red Douglasses rose on the fall of the Black. Their representative in the Novels is the Regent Morton, loose in his loves, unscrupulous in his methods, greedy of the gold he scattered, and boundless in the ambition which brought him to the block. No one of the turbulent nobles is more carefully outlined in the notes, with frequent references to authorities. There we have the key to the conversations with Moray when they were spurring forward to quell the perilous broil between Avenel and the English Warden, or in Holyrood when Roland Graeme overheard their whispers in the presence chamber. We are reminded of the Morton who sulked and swore when Moray, with characteristic diplomacy, casually mentioned his purpose of wedding the heiress of Avenel to young Glendinning. Moray knew the way to soothe his formidable ally, by promising that the kinsman he was protecting should be 'richly wived.' With slight change of names a precisely similar case is recorded in the 'Minstrelsy.' In their friendly talk in 'The Monastery' the relations of 'the wily earl' with the arbitrary Elizabeth are cleverly forecast. By ruthless justice and crafty policy the Regent kept unwonted peace on the Borders; but the peace had been broken by the 'Raid of the Reidswire.' The 'Raid' is the inroad of Sir John Forster on the Halidome of St. Mary. When Moray is riding on to the field, when the English recalled their horsemen from the chase of the Scots, there is an angry passage of words between the English Warden and Sir George Heron of Chipchase. There was the prospect of a second battle, against dangerous odds. The temperaments of the English leaders are

taken from a stanza of the ballad: Forster 'was hail and het as fire,' Sir George 'was gentle, meek, and douce.'

There is frequent mention in the 'Minstrelsy' of Holyrood and its secret history. In 'The Abbot' and 'The Monastery' are many allusions to the tragedies that had been enacted there, and to the dark plots and deadly conspiracies of jealous and ruthless rivals. Even the bluff and blunt Adam Woodcock lowered his voice and checked the flow of his careless gossip when doing the honours of the dark palace to the curious page.

Scott, in the notes as in the Novels, portrays the Regent as the embodiment of wise and beneficent statecraft, allowance made for the strife of factions and the fiery barons with whom he had to deal—as the man who, had he been born without the bar sinister, would have been the most illustrious monarch of an unhappy line. But there was another Stewart who had taken his fancy—Francis, the wild Earl of Bothwell, whose dare-devil enterprises were the marvel of a generation familiar with bloodshed, plot, and brawl. He had inherited the title and estates of that other Bothwell, as often outlawed, who flew a higher flight and had a more signal fall. We hear of him in 'The Fortunes of Nigel' following hard on the heels of the young King, who fled in his night gear down a turret stair, when a prick of the Earl's sword in his nether extremities is said to have confirmed his aversion to cold steel. In 'Old Mortality' the bastard Earl is resuscitated in his illegitimate descendant who died at Drumclog 'believing nothing and fearing nothing,' yet with all his cruelty and profligacy capable of a passionate love and '*Haud immemor*' of his noble ancestry. In 'Lord Maxwell's Good-night,' by the way, the foibles of the King James of 'The Fortunes' are forcibly brought out—the constitutional timidity which made him contemptible in a warlike age, the tameness of spirit always seeking for compromises, and the hereditary partiality for unworthy favourites.

Naturally, nothing in the Novels stands out in more vivid relief in the 'Minstrelsy' than the scenes on the Border and the manners of the mosstroopers. Not to speak of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' there are chapters in outline for 'The Monastery,' 'The Abbot,' 'The Black Dwarf,' and even for 'Guy Maunering,' where Bertram meets Dinmont on Bewcastle Moss. The very words are often repeated, as when Lord Balveny in 'The Fair Maid' summons a Jedburgh jury of 'good men and true, shifting

for their living,' who hung in haste and deliberated afterwards. In 'The Antiquary' a stave of 'Auld Maitland' was ringing in Scott's ears when he made Elspet of the Craighburnfoot croon the soul-stirring war-song,

They have saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They have bridled a hundred black.

If he can say little for the morals of his reiving ancestors, he can praise the faithfulness to their plighted word, when the glove was a sacred symbol with men who cared little for the cross. 'Hand and glove, Hobbie, hand and glove,' was the horrified remonstrance of Hobbie's scandalised friends when he broke truce with the ruffian of Westburnflat to revenge a deadly wrong. It is no wonder that Blackwood was delighted with the beginnings of that novel, and as little that he was disappointed with the sequel. Nothing can be more spirited than the scene when the neighbours are mustering after Hobbie's steading had been fired, his mistress ravished away, and his cattle driven off to Cumberland. It is borrowed almost verbatim from the preface to the Ballads, as also is the description of the old law of the 'hot-trod.' 'Hoot!' exclaimed another of the dissenting counsellors, 'there's nae great skill needed. Just put a lighted peat on the end of a spear or hay-fork, and blaw a horn, and cry the gathering word, and then it's lawful to follow gear into England and recover it by the strong hand,' &c. Elliots and Armstrongs held still to 'the old Border law, made at Dundrennan in the days of the Black Douglas,' and were in the habit of righting their own wrongs. Earnscliffe, a law-abiding youth fresh from Edinburgh College, as a matter of course laid his bloodhounds on the trail of the marauders. He never thought of applying to the nearest justice of peace. Reasons, given in detail, explain much in the Novels. These marchmen had been sinned against as well as sinning. Their country seldom gave them protection, or even professed to right their wrongs. On the contrary, on any complaint, with little question they were often given over to the vengeance of the English Wardens, and had to hold their own with the strong hand or seek refuge in their impracticable morasses. Thus all the Border, from Solway to Tweedmouth, was virtually a 'Debateable Land,' and that waste where Dinmont and Bertram were waylaid was but a belated survival of conditions once universally prevailing. Roland Graeme was by the mother's side the descendant

of 'a hardy and ferocious race of freebooters inhabiting chiefly the Debateable Land'—the real Debateable Land was on the confines of Cumberland—'who by a summary exercise of authority was transported to Ireland, and forbidden to return under pain of death.'

The lake fortalice of Avenel was Lochwood of his Ballads, the stronghold of the Johnstons, of which James IV. had said, when on his bloody circuit, that the man who built it must have been a thief in his heart. Such lonely towns as Glendearg, with the wastes and quaking bogs, which were its surest safeguard, figure in many of the Ballads, when the kye were being driven to the peel in haste, and the flare of the beacons was the warning of a warden-raid. The 'Raid of the Reidswire,' and the still more rugged 'Fray of Suppert,' were rich in picturesque suggestion. The latter, in which, by the way, we have a 'Dan of the Howlethirst'—Dan figures in 'The Monastery'—lets us understand how Scott was deceived by Surtees with the clever imitation introduced in 'Marmion' as a venerable Border fragment—'How the fierce Thirlwalls and Riddleys all,' &c.

A group of the historical ballads concerns itself with the Solemn League and Covenant and the soldiers of the Civil Wars. 'The Battle of Dunbar' introduces Cromwell and his Ironsides, the military zealots who retrieved the day at Marston Moor, after Risingham had ridden in hot haste to Barnard Castle, bringing Wycliffe the news of the fall of Mortham. There are the lifelike portraits of the fighting and preaching Fifth Monarchy men, the Agitators of the Independent squadrons, who came in the Protector's picked escort to Woodstock. The preface to 'Philiphaugh' is full of sketches for finished studies. In three lines is the presentment of the unfortunate Charles—the wayward, yet dignified Prince of 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' with the shadow of 'anticipated melancholy' on his brow; 'obstinate in trifles' and 'overbearing of mood,' handling the pistol locks in despite of his father's remonstrances, and contemptuously scouting the paternal forebodings as to the dragon's teeth, already sown, and 'the awful day's kemping at the shearing;'—the subject of Cromwell's frenzied passion of remorse when looking on the royal martyr's portrait at Windsor. There is the story of Cromwell's interview with the sturdy Presbyterian minister at Glasgow, turned to account in the meeting at Woodstock with the free-spoken Holdenough. In both the conciliatory worldly wisdom of the

soldier-statesman indifferently veiled contemptuous tolerance. 'Lack-a-day! lack-a-day! A learned man, but intemperate; over-zeal hath eaten him up.'

Inevitably, we have not only the framework of the plot, but the historical or typical characters in 'A Legend of Montrose,' with not a few of the incidents. Lockhart remarked in criticising it, that the personality of the great Marquis is kept somewhat tantalisingly in the background. We think we read the reason between the biographical lines in the 'Minstrelsy.' Scott had a sentimental admiration for Montrose as for another 'gallant Graham' of more questionable reputation, but he was not blind to the shortcomings of the Marquis, and his honesty would not stretch to actual misrepresentation. It is true that he blackened the dark character of Balfour of Burley, when he makes him shoot the envoy of the insurgents under flag of truce; but then Burley was a Cameronian and 'beastly Covenanter.' Admiring the heroic qualities of Montrose, he preferred to leave *his* character in shadow. Answering the taunts of Ardenvoehr, Montrose makes a spirited and dignified defence; but in the 'Minstrelsy' Scott admits that it was simply disappointed ambition which induced him to leave the Covenant for the Crown. Moreover, he criticises the Marquis's generalship even more severely than in the 'Tales of a Grandfather.' He says that, though great at surprises, he was careless in guarding against them; and at best, the Montrose of the notes is but a dashing leader of partisans. It was the neglect of ordinary precautions which brought him to signal grief at Philiphaugh. But the writer of the ballad was clearly a true-blue Presbyterian. To magnify the glories of that crowning victory he multiplied the royal forces by ten. He is a safer authority for the Covenanting passion for psalm singing which Scott turned to account when the Whigs were preparing for battle at Drumclog, and when the Laird of Langkale summoned Tillietudlem. Sir David Leslie, of all men, a soldier of fortune and no fanatic, says, before ordering a charge, with less reason than rhyme: 'I think it is convenient that we should sing a psalm.' There is a dry comment in a footnote: 'various reading, That we should take a dram.'

Scott's sentiments with regard to Claverhouse were even more mixed. Claverhouse looked down on him from over the chimney-piece in Castle Street, and it was the only portrait in his *sanctum*. Yet though he admired him as the soul of modern chivalry, and

for his staunch devotion to his unfortunate master, he owns to abhorrence of his 'cold-blooded cruelty.' He touches him off happily in 'Old Mortality,' when he represents him in the same breath giving orders for the shooting of prisoners and dressing the sore on his charger's shoulder. In the notes to 'Loudon Hill,' he is summed up in a line as having the virtues and the vices of a savage chief. It has been generally assumed that the prototype of Sir Robert Redgauntlet was that notorious persecutor, Grierson of Lugg, and no doubt there is something in the identification, as Grierson's biographer accepts it. But in the Ballads we have the terribly tragic incidents of Redgauntlet's death scene attributed to Claverhouse by Scottish superstition. 'It is still believed that a cup of wine presented to him by his butler changed into clotted blood, and that when he plunged his feet into cold water, their touch caused it to boil.' And there all the ghastly figures are grouped, as we see them at the infernal banquet in the unapproachable tale of Wandering Willie. Most impressive of them all is Claverhouse—we might almost say, affectionately drawn—sitting apart from the rest of the revellers, regarding them with 'a melancholy, haughty countenance.' Scott represents the redeeming virtue of his remorseless favourite—the indomitable courage and endurance of Milton's princely fiend.

Among the soldiers of fortune who rose to higher rank than Rittmeister Dugald Dalgetty, next to the Leslies no one is more frequently mentioned than Hurry or Urry, 'who changed sides so often that I know not rightly which he was on when he was taken and hanged.' So spake the 'Ancient Triton,' who told the tale of his own ignominious flight in Magnus Troil's sail-loft. We should not have expected that the last scene in the memorable campaigns would be introduced in 'The Pirate,' but it shows the fascination the great Marquis had for the novelist; and, moreover, it is a striking example of the poet being at times carried away by his own enthusiasm, forgetful of the incongruous person he made his mouthpiece. We really cannot imagine the plain old Zetlander in homespun answering the eager questions of the 'high-souled Minna,' 'How looked Montrose?' with an 'As a lion at bay before the hunters.' If the old gentleman had ever heard of a lion, assuredly he had never realised one. Yet it is less incongruous, after all, than the taunt of the brutal Bonthron to the hapless Prince of Scotland in the dungeon of Falkland: 'Poor woodcock, thou art springed!'

The notes to 'The Battle of Bothwell Bridge' were expanded into 'Old Mortality.' 'Our ears are scarcely more shocked with the profane execrations of the persecutors than with the strange and insolent familiarity used towards the Deity of the persecuted fanatics.' Sergeant Bothwell, who fell at Loudon Hill 'believing nothing and fearing nothing,' is the type of the one; the Presbyterian divines, from Erastians like Poundtext to zealots like Ephraim MacBriar and brain-stricken fanatics such as Habbakuk Mucklewrath, driven mad by solitary confinement in the lonely Bass, by the voices of the waves and the clamour of the sea-fowl, represent the others. Moderates like the worthy Poundtext, who withdrew from the turmoil of the camp to his book and pipe in his quiet manse, are lightly dismissed. The enthusiasts offered more attractive subjects—the men who listened rather to the thunders of Sinai than to the gentler teaching of Gospel revelation.

No lesson was laid more to heart than Samuel's summary dealings with the Amalekites, no passage was quoted more fondly than the stern command of the Tishbite: 'Take the prophets of Baal: let not one of them escape.' It was used, by the way, and 'once too often,' by Holdenough in 'Woodstock.' Scott's memory, as has been said, held fast to what seized it, and his familiarity with the picturesque and lurid passages of the Old Testament is remarkable. He might have filled the pulpit of a Peden, and been as voluble in the outpouring, in preaching or in prayer; and his ranters, whether Burley, MacBriar, or Cromwell, rant in the language quoted in the 'Minstrelsy.' Reuben Butler and David Deans are equally and appropriately fluent. In the flight of Claverhouse from Loudon Hill Kettledrummle, who was captive to the Egyptians, had weakened and fallen away. It was Mause Headrigg who belched forth Scriptural objurgations on the persecuting Rabshakeh. We learn from the notes that it was a Rev. Mr. King who asked, like Mause, in scathing irony whether the persecutor would not bide for the afternoon's preaching. All the incidents in the novel are historical. Cornet Graham, a kinsman of the colonel, really fell, though he was not murdered by Burley, and his name was not Richard, but Robert. It was Burley who decided the battle, by leading a handful of horse to outflank Claverhouse's disordered squadrons, exactly as described. One naturally assumes that Balfour was the laird of Burley. In reality the 'burly' was a sobriquet, indicating

that, as Bothwell said when thrown in the wrestle in the ale-house, if the victor was a Whig, 'he was a stout and brave one.' A note from Burley was slipped into Morton's hand when embarking for Holland at the pier of Leith; and that indomitable spirit was really weaving webs of fresh intrigue when he had gone into hiding after Bothwell Brig.

Scott's frequent visits to Bothwell Castle had made him familiar with the high arch of the narrow bridge. It was actually defended by three hundred picked men, though they were commanded by Hackston and Hall. There was the failure of ammunition at the critical moment. An embassy was sent to the mild Monmouth on the morning of the battle, and the envoy was 'a gentleman of landed fortune.' What passed at the interview is accurately reported in the novel; and the turmoil at the council, only quelled by the roar of the royal cannon, is in no way exaggerated. The only departure from historical truth is that Dalziel was not present. 'Lucky it was for the insurgents that the battle did not happen a day later, when General Dalziel, who divided with Claverhouse the terror and hatred of the Whigs, arrived with a commission to supersede Monmouth.' But that figure of terror—the grim, bald head and the shaggy grey beard, contrasting with the severe beauty of Claverhouse—was too picturesque to be omitted. At any rate, Scott had metrical authority for tampering with history, for a ballad, not included in the 'Minstrelsy,' tells us that Dalziel with his Highlanders 'made many in their blood to wallow'; and the Whigs must have believed in the presence of the arch-enemy. It was the descent of the Highlanders on the western shires which enriched the ancestor of Fergus MacIvor with the booty which enlarged his fortalice of Glenaquoich.

In the historical ballads 'The Queen's Marie' suggests the scenes in 'The Abbot,' where the Queen's ladies follow her into captivity. The prim Lady Fleming is mentioned in the notes, though not in the ballad. In the ballad,

There was Marie Seaton and Marie Beaton,
And Marie Carmichael and me,

the 'me' is Marie Hamilton, and her betrayer was Henry Darnley. That story was only the other day made the foundation of a novel by Lord Ernest Hamilton, lineal descendant of Claude, 'Paisley's stern lord' of 'Cadyow Castle.' It was a vulgar amour,

and the persons actually guilty of the indiscretion were a French waiting-woman and the royal apothecary.

The superstitions of the Ballads were frequently interwoven with the Novels. They lingered long, 'and the trials of sorcerers and witches which disgrace our criminal annals become more frequent after the Reformation.' Elspet of the Craighburnfoot was regarded with an evil eye by the Forfarshire fishing folk, and so late as 1740, or thereabouts, old Janet Gellatley was doomed to the tar barrel by a Perthshire presbytery, and only saved by the interposition of the Baron of Bradwardine. As for the belief in fairies, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, the prosaic incarnation of shrewd business sense, spoke of 'the men of peace' with bated breath when passing the haunted hillock where they had their subterranean palaces. It was only when he saw the manse of Aberfoil and the lights in the Clachan that he dared to pronounce 'it's the deceits of Satan.' It was charged against many of the witches that they held intercourse with the fairies, and only a hundred years before Scott was writing, the Privy Council reserved to itself the power of putting them to the torture, and compelling confession by starvation and solitary confinement. 'The creed of the Borderers admitted the existence of sundry classes of subordinate spirits.' They believed in the Brownie—one of the Ettrick Shepherd's most characteristic novels was 'The Brownie of Bodsbeck,' who was 'meagre, shaggy and wild in his appearance.' So Hobbie Elliot's terrors in 'The Black Dwarf' were natural enough, when he suspected the deformed solitary of the moors of being 'a creature that was no canny.' Lord Cranston's goblin page belonged to a different order of beings. He was 'the bogle or goblin: a freakish spirit who delights rather to perplex and frighten mankind than seriously to hurt them.'

Superstitions connected with the dead, as they inspire much that is weird in the older Ballads, suggested many of the scenes in the Novels which, as they appeal to the terrors of the unseen, leave deep impressions on the imagination. The ceremonies of the lykewake, religiously observed, originated in the belief that between the death and the burial the spirit of the departed was still hovering round its mortal tenement. In Scotland, as in Ireland, the door was carefully made fast or thrown wide open. If it were left ajar, evil spirits might steal in and tempt the corpse to all manner of unpleasant antics. When the defunct was supposed to have had dealings with the Devil, the watchers,

unless suspected of being witches themselves, were sure to have an anxious time of it. Consequently nothing could be more appropriate than the introduction of the three weird sisters for the striking and watching the corpse of Alice Gray, with their morbid delight in their gruesome task and ghastly revelry. 'Ne'er mind, cummer, we hae this dollar of the Master's and we'll send down for bread and for aill, tobacco, and a drap brandy to burn, and a wee pickle saft sugur—and be there devil or nae devil, lass, we'll hae a merry night o't.' All the same, they took their precautions. 'Let us do what is needfu' and say what is fitting; for if the dead corpse binna straighted, it will grin and thrav, and that will fear the best of us.' Old Ailison Breck begs the Antiquary to 'send us down something to keep up our hearts at the lykewake' of her cummer Elspeth, for 'there were queer things said about a leddy and a bairn,' and 'in gude troth it will be a puir lykewake, unless your honour sends us something to keep us cracking.' And the Antiquary readily promises the whisky, 'the rather that you have preserved the proper word for that ancient custom of watching the dead.'

The ordeal by bier-right in 'The Fair Maid' originated in superstition, but it may have been founded also on shrewd knowledge of human nature. In a rude age, when there was no detective police, it often brought hardened criminals to confession. The solemn preparations and the fear of the dumb witness shook the strongest nerve. Even the freethinking apothecary had a severe shock when standing under the roof of Oliver Proudfoot he saw blood or balm oozing from the body. The ordeal was still recognised by the law courts, when the Council asserted its right of torturing witches. Early in the eighteenth century, it convicted Muir of Auchendrane—the hero of the 'Auchendrane Tragedy'—of 'a horrid and private murder.' He was convicted vicariously, for when his innocent child 'came near the body, it sprang out in bleeding,' whereupon the father was arrested, tortured and brought to confess.

Lord Glenvarloch, in the usurer's dreary mansion in Alsatia, passes an evening with 'God's Revenge against Murder,' which told of the many mysterious ways in which long-hidden crimes had been brought to light. One of the most common was the corpse lights, which flitted over the spot where a dead body lay concealed. Roland Graeme professed to see them in the kirkyard at Kinross, when he sought to distract the attention of the Lady

of Lochleven. They are referred to in the couplet in 'Earl Richard,'

And where that sackless knight lay slain,
The candles burned light,

and Scott says, in commenting on it, that, a few years before, the corpse of a man drowned in the Ettrick had been discovered by means of these same corpse candles. He states the fact as if he took it seriously, merely adding, in the next sentence, that these lights are probably phosphoric. The most morbidly sensational of all the ballads is 'Clerk Saunders,' a grim Scottish counterpart of Bürger's 'Wilhelm and Lenore,' in which the murdered clerk comes from the graveyard to the bed of his bride, when 'the cocks are crowing a merry midnight.' 'Gin ever the dead come for the quick,' was a line that Scott had evidently in memory, when Meg Merrilees tells Bertram at the Kaim of Derncleugh, 'If ever the dead come back among the living, I'll be seen in this glen, mony a night after these crazed banes are in the mould.' Lastly, there were enchanted herbs, regarded as sure safeguards against spells. Most potent was the vervain, 'revered by the Druids,' and in Leyden's ballad of 'The Cout of Keildar,' the Cout wore in 'casque of sand' the holly sprig of Avenel and 'the leaf of the rowan pale.' When Scott edited the ballad, 'the mountain ash was still used by the peasantry to avert the effects of charms and withcraft.' No marvel then that Torquil of the Oak believed firmly in its efficacy. When his foster-child discloses the shameful secret, when he fears his heart will fail him in the lists at Perth, Torquil exclaims: 'Hell shall not prevail so far—we will steep thy sword in holy water—place vervain, St. John's wort and rowan tree in thy crest.' And were there space enough in an article of any reasonable length, many other passages might be adduced in support of Lockhart's *dictum*.

ALEX. INNES SHAND.

RECEIVING MODERATORS.¹

BY IAN MACLAREN.

WHEN it was laid upon us, owing to no distinction on our part but merely through the accident of circumstances, to receive two Moderators at the same time as guests beneath our lowly roof, my wife and I, being persons who have ever contended together in modesty, were much discomposed. We dared not refuse the honour (the like of which has indeed been conferred on few people in the history of religion), but we accepted it not merely with humility but also with trembling. Our home, although clean and comfortable, like that of many other working people, was unpretending, and since we had not been long married, we were still nervous, as young housekeepers are apt to be, about the rites of hospitality. For days before the arrival of a guest (and one or two had preceded the dignitaries) we lived plainly that he might have a plentiful, if simple, meal, and we gave anxious care to every arrangement—that his bed should be hard beneath and warm above, that there should be hot water in his room the moment he arrived, and cold water for the bath in the morning (those we considered crucial points), that there should be suitable books in the bedroom, according to his taste, and afternoon tea (which was just coming into vogue then) at the right hour, that if we ventured to ask any person to meet him he should be congenial, and that conversation should correspond with the guests like the curtains with the carpet. An hour before a guest arrived we were on the alert making a last survey of the rooms, giving a final charge to our worthy handmaiden, who felt that the reputation of the house was also in her hands, and exhorting one another to be of good courage and to hope that everything would pass off well. And providence had as yet dealt kindly with our inexperienced and slender resources. It is true that we had been a little cast down by an evangelist who demanded a special diet, and was irritated at the type in which his name appeared on the bills, but a distinguished man of letters who stayed with us for two days declared (and the angels blotted out the sin) that he had never been in a jollier house, and a fearfully rich man set us at our ease

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on the doorstep by beating down the hansom man a sixpence (which we had never done), and when he departed by warning us against luxurious living. We might even have been unduly lifted by such successes and treated the approaching visit lightly had I not once seen a Moderator from a remote distance and been haunted with a presentiment of calamity, for one may have entertained a hundred guests and not be prepared to receive Moderators.

The title is in itself most felicitous and reduces words like Bishop and mayor to the level of commonplace. There is a sonorousness in the word which immediately arrests the attention and an awfulness in its meaning which compels reverence. My wife, who had not moved in ecclesiastical circles, and had been a good deal crushed by the evangelist, was vastly impressed, and asked with much diffidence what—what—a Moderator really was. She blushed slightly, as she spoke, at her own presumption, and seemed to anticipate my answer when I explained that there were mysteries into which unaided human reason ought not to pry and that it was enough for us that a live Moderator (not to say two of them) should enter our doors, that it would indeed be a privilege of which long after we should be boasting (as I now do), and that if we wished to get its full good we must keep ourselves in a spirit of childlike respect. It may be urged by some reader infected with the spirit of rationalism that it is impossible to have two Moderators of the Kirk together, and that you may as well talk of meeting two Popes or two Lord Chancellors, and (humanly speaking) there is much truth in the criticism. But I may explain to the uninitiated that there are degrees or stages in the history of such principalities and powers, and that not only had we (still humanly speaking) two Moderators in our house at the same time, but had it been necessary for our discipline we might have had three. Four, however, is still unknown except as a speculation, and it may perhaps impress the matter upon the minds of those imperfectly acquainted with this profound truth, that there can be three Moderators at the same time, just as there are three dimensions, but that a fourth Moderator and a fourth dimension are still veiled from the ordinary human mind. First of all, the potentates in whose hands the momentous choice lies intimate that Dr. Dowbiggin, we shall say, is a man marked out in the scheme of creation to be a Moderator, and then Dr. Dowbiggin becomes Moderator elect, which is something like a Cardinal *in petto*, having now the nature of a Moderator, but not being yet

endowed with its functions. After awhile he becomes an actual Moderator, and processes up and down the land in great glory. Later he moves down from this high place, where indeed no man could long remain, and becomes an ex-Moderator, retaining the nature and some of the glory. It is only one of the three who ought to be called Moderator, but the title is given to the other two, in the one case by anticipation and in the other case by association, and while they modestly disclaim it, it is understood not to be unacceptable. When the great man himself cannot be obtained, the secondary luminaries are employed to lay foundation-stones and open Kirks, and there is a story of one enterprising minister, who, by skilful negotiations which were conducted quite independently of one another, secured the presence of three Moderators on the one day, with the result that the people were dazed with excess of light and have not recovered the shock unto this present. But enough for the purpose on the metaphysics of Moderators.

It was a Moderator and an Ex-Moderator who were to honour our obscure home, and before they burst upon us we began to gather what manner of men they were and the measure of their condescension. We wrote to them in terms of oriental respect, apologising for our presumption, and asking as a favour that they would let us know the hour of their coming. After a delay, which was getting upon our nerves, the chief man wrote a brief note stating that he made it a rule in his public life to fall in with any arrangement which had been made by the local authorities, and that therefore he would arrive at our house at six o'clock in the evening and would be obliged if dinner were ready at 6.30. He also added that he preferred a light dinner before public work and that on such occasions it was his custom to take something substantial on his return. The ex-Moderator, after an instructive silence of some days, explained that as the Moderator was to stay with us he was also willing to do so, that he hoped to travel by the same train as the Moderator, that he would accompany the Moderator to our house, and he expressed his hope that we would do everything we could for the Moderator's comfort. We noted that the word Moderator filled half the note, and we wondered that one or other of them had not sent a menu card, and detailed directions about his bedroom. We began to question whether we should be allowed to sit at the same table, and wished we had one of those edifying society journals which tell you the order in which distinguished persons go into a room, and how royalties

take their meals, and although we tried to strengthen one another's hands with the remembrance of the poor little successes of the past, we knew that nothing like this had ever happened to us, and our hearts quaked. As our social ambition (really it was not our doing but the foolishness of a committee) was in the end severely wounded, and people may suppose that we are prejudiced against greatness, let me say at once that the two potentates were in every way worthy of their high estate, and that we still recall them with unaffected admiration.

Strange judgments befall the Church for her sins, and men have been raised to this height who had none of the marks of a Moderator—neither grandeur of speech nor stateliness in step, nor inscrutable wisdom of countenance; but our Moderators had been marked out before the eyes of all men for their place and duty. Both were tall, erect, broad, and heavy; both were well groomed with spotless linen, rich black clothes, carefully brushed hair, and faces clean shaven with the exception of neatly trimmed grey whiskers; their hands, also, were excellently kept. Each used gold eye-glasses, with which he made fine play, waving them back and forward in public address to emphasise the point, opening them slowly and rubbing them carefully with a fine cambric handkerchief when he did not want to commit himself by words, adjusting them carefully on a well-developed nose (a Moderator with a weak nose has never yet been inflicted upon the Church, even in her worst days), and then reading a document with his head well thrown back, or (and this is most awful, and none may stand against it) lowering his head and looking at you over the top of his eye-glasses. Their walk, even in our house—and everyone can imagine what a poor scope it gave them—is still one of our cherished recollections, and, to tell the truth, has often been the subject of quite hopeless imitation. It was not an amble, and it was not a prance, and it was not a stride, but it had in it the combined glory of all these motions; it was like the progress of a great four-master under full sail in an easy wind, and although I have seen hints of this gait in a church officer carrying up the Bible before the minister, and in a German station-master strutting up and down his platform, and in a Roman cardinal coming down St. Peter's, I have never seen its perfection except in Moderators. There was greatness—unconscious, no doubt, but only on that account more overwhelming—in everything they did, from opening the newspaper, which suggested the reading of the larger ex-

communication, to an introduction, which was almost equivalent to a presentation at Court; and the way in which one of them stood on the hearthrug invested the room with an historical character, which it has never lost in our imagination. Whatever they said, even on the weather, was an utterance from the chair and had in it the authority of a Papal Bull; and although in an irreverent age there are people who say the deliverances of Moderators are simply grandly dressed commonplaces, I cannot even at this distance, when my eyes are stronger to bear the light, believe that our Moderators said anything that was not an original discovery.

We had intended to complete every preparation for their majesties an hour before what they called 'the hour of our arrival,' and to have been waiting to receive them with such composure as we could muster; but through my fault alone we were taken at a disadvantage. The selection of books for a Moderator's bedroom (not to say two Moderators' bedrooms) lay heavy on my mind, for it was evident, even to my ignorance, that what might be relished by writing men would be an offence to an ecclesiastic, and that even Titmouse's 'Religious Anecdotes' and some books of guileless fiction which had been placed unostentatiously beside the evangelist's bed could hardly be food for a Moderator's mind. What books I finally selected I cannot now remember, but I am proud to think that among them were Calvin's 'Institutes,' Witsius' 'On the Covenants,' 'St. Augustine on the Donatist Controversy,' the 'Digest of Rules and Procedure of the Inferior Courts of the Free Church of Scotland' (which I purchased at a book-stall), and the 'Collections of Stenart of Pardiven' (which I borrowed from a library for the occasion); and between the Moderator and the ex-Moderator I made the becoming distinction of giving unto the greater Augustine and Calvin in Latin, and to the less both those enticing writers for a midnight hour in English, and I was just hastily rubbing out 'reduced to elevenpence' from the 'Digest' when a voice arose from below such as never before had been heard in our house, and I knew that a Moderator had arrived.

My wife flung a reproachful glance at me as I passed the door of the drawing-room, where she had been pretending to read a gorgeously bound marriage present, and when I arrived in the lobby (we called it 'hall' ever afterwards) the maid was panic-stricken, for the ex-Moderator was demanding intelligence of the Moderator.

'What! Do I understand that the Moderator is not here? I concluded that he had travelled by an earlier train. This is

extraordinary, very extraordinary, and I am afraid there has been a serious mistake. I agreed to reside in this house on the distinct understanding that I was to be a—a fellow guest with the Moderator. Ah! here, I presume, is our host, Mr. Mac—— Mac——

‘Maclaren, at your service!’ and I was tempted to add that any name he was pleased to use would do, and, as a matter of fact, the Moderators did use such approximations to our name as came most handy at the time, which always keeps ordinary folks at a distance and, I fancy, is one of the tricks of office. I hastened to assure Dr. MacIlwraith that he had not really been ambushed by two young people devoured by social ambition, nor allured to their house under false pretences, that Dr. Dowbiggin ought to have arrived about the same time, and that no doubt he would—I was about to say ‘turn up,’ but remembered of whom I was speaking and substituted—arrive in a short time. I suggested that if the Moderator had not travelled with the ex-Moderator as was expected, it was because the Moderator had been detained by some urgent moderatorial duty, and I hinted that in the circumstances the Moderator might be travelling by a special train, and that in any case the arrival of the Moderator might take place any moment. During this respectful and conciliatory address I called Dr. MacIlwraith himself Moderator so often that the lobby (I mean hall) resounded with the boom of the word; and the ex-Moderator was pacified and, after a dignified clearance of the throat, consented to be led upstairs. He was, indeed, so favourably impressed with my manner—which my wife, reconnoitring from the drawing-room door, declared afterwards was absolutely slavish—that he received my apology for a bedroom on the top floor with something approaching to good-nature, but expressed his hope, with a slight return to his former style, that more convenient accommodation had been provided for the Moderator.

After a hurried conference in the drawing-room, during which my wife and I comforted one another, and both expressed a fervent hope for everybody’s sake, but especially our own, that the other dignitary would soon arrive and deliver us from a cloud of suspicion, I hastened out on the first sound of the ex-Moderator’s descent, and escorted him into what we were pleased to call our drawing-room, which, indeed, we had thought a good deal of until that day. When I presented my wife to the ex-Moderator he was really quite gracious, shaking hands and enlarging in an affable

way upon his dismay at finding no Moderator, on the reasons which might have detained the Moderator, and his anxiety that the Moderator should arrive in safety. During this conversation he addressed my wife as Mrs. Macfarlane, but I made a sign to her to take no notice, for, indeed, it was very good of him to call her by any name at all.

He was horrified, for the moment, at the idea of going down to dinner without the Moderator, but when we pointed out that in the unfortunate event of the Moderator not appearing, the ex-Moderator must undertake the Moderator's duty, and that in such responsible circumstances he should be fortified by dinner, he yielded, and on the journey downstairs asked my wife how long she had been married, and reminded her that, however lowly my position as a minister might be, she had a responsible duty. During this passage the ex-Moderator was good enough to call her Mrs. MacPherson, and I began to imagine a circuit of the clans. Still I am free to confess that I was a proud man walking behind and seeing my wife beside that stately figure. When I asked the ex-Moderator to say grace at the table he stared at me, for he had intended to do so without being asked, and, indeed, after the Moderator had arrived they arranged between themselves which dignitary would take evening and which would take morning prayers, and I noticed that during the Moderator's stately petitions the ex-Moderator sighed audibly with much unction, while the Moderator, after the ex-Moderator had concluded prayers, indicated in an indirect and gentlemanly way his official approval. During the early part of dinner Dr. MacIlwraith discoursed upon the many social difficulties which beset the hospitality of a Moderator during his period of office, and the thankfulness which those ought to feel whose lot is cast in humbler places. He was evidently anxious, however, about the absence of the Moderator, and kept his ears cocked, for before the bell rung he had heard the sound of a Moderator on the doorstep, and had risen from his seat.

'There is the Moderator,' he cried, and I learned that day that Moderators have a note of their own which they can recognise at any distance, just as grouse respond to one another across a distance of moor. The ex-Moderator hurried out without any ceremony towards us to meet the Moderator, and I, with my wife, to whom I signalled urgently, saw that evening, what has been given to few, a meeting of Moderators.

'How do you do, Moderator, how do you do?' and the ex-Moderator threw a delicate nuance of respect into his manner. 'It is a great relief, I may say without qualification, an immense relief to see you, Moderator. I was afraid that in the midst of your manifold duties you might be hindered from honouring the meeting this evening. It would have been a great disappointment to this city, Moderator, if you had been detained. Now you are here our minds are at rest.'

'The duty would have been safe in your hands,' replied Dr. Dowbiggin with friendly dignity, 'and indeed I am not able to dissociate you from the office of Moderator which you filled with such conspicuous benefit to the Church and to the nation. It was my hope that I should have travelled in the same train with you, but an influential person, whom I need not name at present, insisted upon consulting me about a certain course of action in regard to a matter now agitating the mind of the Church. But we shall speak about that, Moderator, I mean Dr. MacIlwraith, when we are alone.'

It was a scene so charged with awe that I knew not whether it might not be impertinent to obtrude myself, but the ex-Moderator relieved the situation.

'Let me,' he said, and he considerably brought me forward, introduce to you, Moderator, our young friend here, Mr. MacGlashan, who has the honour, Moderator, of receiving you beneath his roof.' And at the accent of 'young friend' I knew that our best estate was vanity.

'Moderator,' continued Dr. MacIlwraith, after the great man had given me two fingers to shake, 'you must be weary after your journey and labours. Your room, I believe, is ready and conveniently situated, and if our friend here will . . . quite so, I shall just do myself the pleasure of going upstairs with you, Moderator, to see that everything is in order.' And I followed with the Moderator's luggage.

The ex-Moderator made a hasty but searching inspection of our own bedroom, which we had given up for the great man's use, and was kind enough to express himself as satisfied in the circumstances.

'You have many experiences, Moderator,' he said, 'from the castle of a noble to the home of a humble minister, but I trust you will be comfortable here, and if there is anything that you require, I am sure, Moderator, that Mr. MacPherson will count it

a privilege to supply it.' It was agreed between the high powers that the Moderator would descend in a quarter of an hour, and that the dinner should be put it a state of thorough repair against his coming. The ex-Moderator was so pleased with himself that at the foot of the stairs he turned and said, 'Very satisfactory, very satisfactory,' and he entered the dining-room in a benignant state of mind.

'It was distinctly unfortunate, Mrs. MacCallum, that we should have commenced dinner before the arrival of the Moderator, but I have explained the circumstances to the Moderator and he quite understands, quite understands, and, indeed, has been good enough to say that we only did what was right. The Moderator, if I may be allowed to say so, is a man who can suit himself to every class in society, and although I can imagine you may feel a little nervous on an occasion of this sort, I can assure you, Mrs. MacGlashan, the Moderator will be quite agreeable and will in fact make himself at home,' which indeed both dignitaries did without any reserve.

'It gives me pleasure to have this opportunity of meeting you and your worthy husband, Mrs. MacCallum,' and the Moderator gave his whole hand to my wife with affable condescension, while Dr. MacIlwraith from that point attended to details. 'I was just explaining to the ex-Moderator that official duties, which weigh heavily upon some of us, and from which you should be thankful our good host is free, have delayed my arrival in this city. Yes, Dr. MacIlwraith, I think I will sit with my back to the fire; you, I presume, will sit opposite, as I should like to speak to you about one or two things. No, the soup needn't be brought back, a little fish will do. The fact is,' and the Moderator brought us unexpectedly into the conversation, 'as Dr. MacIlwraith knows, it is better that a Moderator should live simply in face of the work he has to undertake. I quite agree with you, Doctor, a little whisky with some form of aerated water is safest for both of us.'

We then sat down to dinner, and the ex-Moderator from time to time gave some directions for the Moderator's comfort, but otherwise neither of the great men took any notice of us, except when in discussing some high affair one would cough slightly and skilfully change the subject. My wife was at first inclined to be nettled at this exclusion from society at our own table, but I am bound to say that the Moderators intended no offence, for indeed,

they were barely conscious of our existence, and their conversation was admirable. They quoted motions so subtle and ensnaring as to split an opposite party in twain, recalled dexterous tactical strokes which had changed the whole face of affairs, dwelt on the discomfiture of popular speakers, full of enthusiasm and new schemes, who had tried a fall with veteran ecclesiastics. And at the supper, which the ex-Moderator sketched out before leaving for the meeting, and at which both Moderators took their modest refreshment warm, they told the most admirable anecdotes, time about, of the days before the Disruption, with great good humour of soul and considerable finish of style. The ex-Moderator saw the Moderator to his room and his farewell for the night sounded through the house. Before retiring they ordered breakfast at 9 o'clock, with prayers before and not after, and when they were departing the ex-Moderator conveyed to my wife, whom that morning he was pleased to call Mrs. McAskill, that the Moderator had expressed himself gratified with every arrangement made for his comfort.

‘Well I never——’ began my wife, when they had left.

‘No, Mrs. MacCallum,’ I replied, ‘you certainly never had such an honour before, may you be kept humble.’

‘And I hope,’ continued my wife, with some spirit——

‘No doubt you do, Mrs. MacGlashan, but it’s no use, you can never hope to have such an honour again.’

THE GARDEN-WIFE.

BY THE HON. MRS. ANSTRUTHER.

SHE who would nowadays be modish, it is necessary that she should cease to be a house-wife, and become a garden-wife. Socially speaking, there is a world of difference between the two, all the difference between being in the fashion and out of it.

The house-wife is a social incubus, the garden-wife a social success.

For generations the house-wife was a power in the land. People respected her, tolerated her, bore with her and were bored by her. Then suddenly she found herself deposed, treated with yawns and contumely, she and her conversation relegated to the background, and her throne usurped and occupied by the garden-wife, to whose flowery words everyone now listened with flattering smiles and with keenest and most courteous interest.

Another case of *la reine est morte, vive la reine*; the only point to be arrived at is to discover wherein the social ruler of to-day differs from her predecessor of yesterday.

A certain cynic was heard to assert, not long since, that there was no difference: that the only change was one of topic, the same woman migrating from the inside of her house to the outside, as did Mrs. Primrose from the blue bed to the brown; and the same cynic ventured to assert that herein lies little social gain to the listener, who is just as likely to be bored in the long run by one subject as by the other. But then, as everyone knows, a cynic is literally a dog, and oftentimes a dull one at that.

Where lives the man who would seriously maintain that it is not more interesting to listen for a whole dinner to a fair neighbour speaking her views on the value of various kinds of artificial manures, rather than listen, as he would have had to do in the old days, to a homily on the rival claims to economical consideration of the brisket and the silverside?

The garden-wife scorns domesticity in its ordinary aspects, but she adores her garden. Where her predecessor spoke of the butcher's price-list and the cost of joints, she will talk of the rose-grower's catalogue and the price of bulbs, and, scorning the

scullery, she will linger tenderly over the amenities of the potting shed.

Never will she dream of talking of the delinquencies and vagaries of her hand-maidens—albeit the mere bond of a common humanity gives them a certain claim upon the interest of their fellow creatures—but for long hours, with a show of deepest interest, will she prate of the lovely fancies and features of her flowers, till almost one begins to think there may be a certain truth in the cynic's contention that it may be just as possible to be a bore when talking about gardeners as when talking about cooks, and that she who vapours about her garden may be quite as poor company as she who erstwhile vaunted herself in public over the details of her kitchen, though it is but fair to add that no such reactionary idea as this seems yet to have dawned upon a patient and a listening world.

Indeed, so secure in her social position is the garden-wife at this moment, that it were positively socially unsafe even to hazard the suggestion that the house-wife of the last generation and the garden-wife of to-day are in reality mother and daughter, bores. To be chained to a stake set in the midst of a heap of burning weeds, and be prodded to death by an infuriated crowd of garden-wives armed with expensive spuds and fancy garden tools, would assuredly be the fate of such a rash social iconoclast!

Far more discreet, ay and more poetical, is it for the Searcher after truth to suggest that the present transformation of house-wives into garden-wives is only a beautiful example of atavism, an admirable throw-back to the ideal days of the Garden of Eden. No one will deny that Eve was pre-eminently a garden-wife in every sense of the word, and that had she lived to-day she would have found no difficulty in adapting her conversation to the topic of the moment. Hence is not the chain of evidence complete?

But did she, one wonders, ever identify herself with her Eden quite so entirely as does her fashionable descendant of to-day with her beloved garden, losing in it her very individuality?

Did she ever speak gravely and ambiguously to the serpent in the words used by a garden-wife of the present day to a neighbouring bishop, she thinking quite innocently of her garden, he imagining that she referred to herself:

'Do come and see me one afternoon this week, for I'm really looking absolutely beautiful, and at this time of year one never knows, next week I may be quite knocked to pieces and ruined!'

And when the bishop—or the serpent—looked somewhat embarrassed and confused, did Eve merely think him rude, and, turning to her Adam lately returned from fighting boars, try to turn the subject by telling him, with tears in her voice, that she was simply wretched because she was quite eaten up with green fly!

Truly the study of the garden-wife for bishops, for serpents, and for Adams, has since those old Eden days been a life's work in itself. . . .

One great difference between Eve and the garden-wife of to-day is that Eve had no library, only stray leaves. The modern garden-wife has a literature of her own. Some people even aver that it created her. But this is a moot point which must be dealt with by future anthropologists. The fact remains that she is at this moment a power in the book-buying world, and that the author who would write a book running to several editions has but to add another one to the line of single volumes bound in white vellum, dainty, wonderful, which to-day fill the bookshelves of every true daughter of Eve who has come into her heritage of a garden.

This is a fact which no author or publisher with an eye to business should overlook.

The book must be made according to a certain accepted formula. It may not deal with serpents, though worms and their habits may be freely discussed (Eve preferred serpents).

Its personal appearance is as important as that of a girl at her first ball. White trimmed with gold is the most satisfactory; but the chief thing to aim at is that it should be as dainty and delicate as possible, and thoroughly unsuitable to be handled and referred to by gardeners with earth-stained hands. As a suggestion for some future volume, it might give it a pseudo-realistic appearance, without detracting from its daintiness, if the book-marker were made of a piece of bass and the book tied together with dainty bows of the same. The book must be pre-eminently suitable for a present, and it is well that it be published in the autumn season when Christmas is near. Its sale and success is then a matter of certainty.

As to its contents, they are a secondary matter. The chief thing to aim at is the creation of a book which shall be neither heavy, nor scientific, nor above all practical. It is far better that the author have not more than an elementary knowledge of

gardening, otherwise he will be in danger of drifting into technical and therefore boring details which it should be his main object to avoid. What he must strive for, is so to treat his subject that it shall prove attractive to the habitual reader of novels, remembering always that the garden-wife as a rule has been brought up on novels, and the abrupt drop from fiction to a mere gardening manual might prove too jarring for her literary nerves and even necessitate a rest cure from all printed matter.

The garden-wife demands a book which shall exquisitely combine fact and fancy, and what more charming and natural combination than Love and Flowers? The book almost writes itself; these are the lines on which it should run.

Let the author constitute himself a woman, a delicate woman for choice, living with an unsympathetic brother, and having some extraordinary complaint which can only be cured by its victim being enclosed for twelve consecutive months within the walls of a garden. This mysterious disease, whose treatment recalls the seclusion of a private lunatic asylum, is getting so common in gardening books that it really deserves to be taken up by the medical profession and given a scientific name. It is well by the way that the garden have four walls, and they should be of red brick if possible, as they make a good background for description.

Now introduce an old gardener who cannot read or write, but who makes inapposite remarks in some terrible local dialect, which is native to no known locality in the British Isles, but is a blend of Scotch, and Cockney, and South Coast. Add a neighbour or two, of the thick-skinned variety, who comes in for the sole purpose of being dissected or giped at by her garden hostess, and who presumably enjoys such a welcome, since she comes not once but with wearisome reiteration. Drag in an antique doctor, who with classic wit is always spoken of as *Æsculapius*, add a curate to balance him, and bring in a small nephew or niece to act the part of the *enfant terrible*, and so give a touch of comedy.

Having got these characters together, then write in the first person. This is essential, it causes the book at once to become *intime*. Write long wordy letters to some unfortunate imaginary man who is living a hard and practical life on the West Coast of Africa, or some unhealthy colony, and who presumably has fallen in love with the garden-lady because of her hopeless incapacity to do anything practical at all. Such a man would probably be thirsting for gossip and news of his friends, and word of what was

going on at home in the way of sport ; but in a garden book he is never humoured by being told such frivolous things. He is treated in every letter to a story of perfect platitudes. The writer proceeds to fill many pages by stating in doubtful grammar the common things that every human being has to endure. She will mention how unpleasant it is to be called in the morning ; how, because the boiler was furred, the bath water was not hot ; what a nuisance it is that the blind cord is broken ; and then, by way of being really interesting, she will burst into a graphic description of the miseries and mysteries of spring cleaning. Then she will give a recipe or two ' culled from some dear old Herbal,' for curing whooping-cough with spiders, or warts with snails boiled alive, and yet at the same time she will let it be clearly understood this letter (which will assuredly be over weight) is a Love Letter. This at first sight may seem a literary feat of some difficulty, as snails and love are not a usual or a happy combination, but experience has proved that it can be done.

A quotation or a proverb or two may be added with advantage in some such way as this :

' How true and beautiful are our dear old English proverbs ! Did you ever hear the one which I discovered in a sweet dirty old school copybook a few days ago in the village school whither I had gone to try and find out something about this Education Bill that everyone is making such a fuss about ?

' The proverb was : "*A rolling stone gathers no moss.*"

' I never realised the truth of it till last Wednesday week, when to test its truth, I surreptitiously threw a large stone down the path after our Vicar's wife, who had been paying me her weekly visit, and boring me as usual. She seemed a little surprised when she noticed what I had done, but then one's country neighbours are so dreadfully dense and never understand one's little ways ! But as soon as she had slammed the garden door behind her—with unnecessary haste and vigour, I thought—I rang the dinner-bell, which I always keep beside my invalid garden couch, as I have often told you, and bade the white-capped parlourmaid pick up the stone and bring it to me. My dear good old Joggles, will you believe me when I tell you that though that fair-sized stone had rolled quite five yards on the heels of my departing guest *there was no moss on it !* Isn't it wonderful and beautiful to think of ? I have thought of nothing else all day, and I feel as though I had discovered a great truth ! Do write up all over the walls

of your log cabin, or bungalow is it?—I never can remember which people live in in Newfoundland—my dear quaint old proverb, “*A rolling stone gathers no moss*,” and whenever you read it think of me and the un-understanding vicar’s wife!’

Other well-known proverbs and quotations may be treated in this fashion; indeed, it is an excellent way of making up the number of thousand words demanded by the rapacious publisher!

Then into this medley fling the garden. Prattle about its every aspect; say that the grass is green, and that the laburnum is yellow, and that most of the trees have leaves on them; state that it is not unusual to have showers in April, and that when it rains everything is apt to get wet. Then drift from the lawn into the kitchen garden; describe that sweet little caterpillar found in the cauliflower in the morning, which was met again with a thrill of recognition, cooked inadvertently, in the same vegetable at lunch. Here is a field for sentiment which should not be neglected. Discuss a morning stroll about the onion bed, and, if short of material, describe with ungrammatical vividness the pungent smell of decayed cabbage. The modern Romeo has been trained to appreciate these realistic details, and recognises that no Love-Letter would be complete without them.

An exhaustive catalogue of all the flowers and weeds growing in a certain bed may then follow, mention early birds and worms, etc.—only the writer must not fail to call the flowers and the weeds and the birds, ay! the very worms themselves, by Latin names, *Myrsiphyllum asparagoides*, *Oratægus oxyacantha præcox*, *Ozothamnus rosmarinifolius*, *Dielytra spectabilis*, for the pages of every garden book must be well powdered by Latin names—in italics. This latter point is most essential to the success of the book, as otherwise it might go by default, and be set down by a careless reviewer, hurriedly glancing at it, as merely a foolish correspondence between two illiterate people, and not as ‘a charming book to be sincerely recommended to all who love their gardens!’

So much for the literature of the garden-wife, which really deserves a more serious study than this mere cursory notice. But in common justice, both to it and to her, it is but right to say that in this case, as in many others, another dear old proverb, ‘Exceptions prove the rule,’ also holds good. Not absolutely every garden-book depends entirely on its binding and get-up, and not absolutely every garden-wife belongs to the ancient and elastic order of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. There are certain

volumes by Mrs. Evelyn Cecil, Miss Jekyll, and Mr. Robinson which appeal even to that *borné* and conventional person the professional gardener, and undoubtedly there is a great charm to be found in a real commonplace book written by a genuine enthusiast for house and garden. Such a book as the original *Pot Pourri* has a real fragrance of its own, though the recollection of its scent has unfortunately been spoilt by the countless jars of damp and mildewed rose-leaves with which the market has since been flooded.

Undeniable is it, too, that there are some garden-wives with whom one is acquaint, who not only possess considerable practical knowledge, and that mysterious attribute 'the gardener's thumb,' but who also leave a very dainty footprint, if not upon the sands of time, at least upon the good brown earth of their garden. There are some few women who use their garden as the material for a poem, putting into it all the delicate imagination and fantasy which if they were poets they would put into their writings, or, if painters, paint into their pictures.

Rather wonderful in its way, and typical of this kind of poem-garden, is a garden which grows not round, but in, an old ruined house, whose roof is the open sky.

Centuries ago the house was the home of some of the great people of the land, but upon the place some enemy flung curse of death and flame, and gradually the family shrank and dwindled away till there was left only the old lord and his wife and a young grandson to whom the place should come. But his country claimed the boy, and he went to the wars, and from the day he left his home was never heard of more. The old people sat on alone, watching the flames dance up the wide chimney in the hall and waiting for him to come. But they waited in vain, and years passed and both the old people died, and only certain ancient family servants were left in the house to await the boy's return; and every evening at nightfall they lighted the fire in the great hall, that when he came back he might find light and warmth. Winter succeeded winter and still he never came, and the servants grew older and less able for their work; and then it fell about that the curse on the family was fulfilled, and one December night a burning log rolled out of the open fireplace and the old house rose up in flames. Only the grey stone walls, smoke-blackened, remained upstanding, rising roofless to the sky. In summer time the swallows nested above the broken mullioned windows; in winter time the snowflakes floated through the rooms, and after a while young

trees and saplings forced their way between the paving stones of the inner courtyard, and their branches made green screens in the empty doorways.

So in the middle, now of ploughed land, now of a field of turnips, according to the rotation of the crops, the house stood desolate, uninhabited except by birds, and falling year by year into greater disrepair, till it chanced one day a garden-wife passed by and she saw in it the material for a poem. Beneath her hands a carpet of spring flowers sprung out of the parquet of green grass that covered the floor of the great hall, wallflowers made golden decoration for the walls, and in the deep old fireplace, where in past days flames of fire had risen, she set great lilies of flame, or in the spring time let pale snowdrops rest like white ashes on the empty hearth.

Within the enclosing wall of the bakery she caused the corn to grow in golden yellowness. Hops wound their tendrils round the broken windows of the brew-house, and in the kitchens, where in old days the scullions and the wenches had their work, she planted many sweet-smelling herbs like thyme and sage and thrift. Against the cellar door she set a little vine, whose deep-stained leaves in autumn recalled the generous colour of the vanished wine.

Joy-weed she put wherever she could find a place, and over the lintel of the ruined entrance to the house she wreathed a thick tangle of white traveller's joy to give perpetual welcome and happy greeting to all who came that way. Lords and ladies in scarlet and in green she grouped upon the broken stairs: old man stood in one doorway, sweet william upon another threshold, and things with lovely names like Rosemary and Columbine grew there once more and gave sweetness and colour to the house. But most of all her thought she spent upon M'Lady's Chamber, filling it with all the flowers that echo Life and Love—love in a mist, then passion flower, and love in idleness, and love lies bleeding, and last of all forget-me-not. And many other fancies, which are the fancies of a poet, did this garden-wife weave into her ruined house of flowers, till it became each year less like a garden and more like some strange dream of beauty and of mystic symbolism.

Such a garden-wife is, however, as little typical of the majority of garden-wives as is her garden of the majority of gardens, and though she might have lived among her flowers for many years she would probably feel totally incompetent to talk coherent shop

to the fashionable garden-wife of the moment. She would most likely only sit in dull silence, listening.

Two garden-wives meeting always start with a chorus of admiration about gardens in general, during which one vies with the other in rolling out Latin names with, usually, the wrong terminations. They then descend to particulars of roots and bulbs, and the chorus ends by one bidding the other come over and see her own special garden, particularly her herbaceous border.

The herbaceous border is always the *clou* of the garden-wife's garden, no matter how formal may have been the original style and design. She regards it as her own special domain.

'Oh yes, I look after it entirely myself. Of course I get the gardener to weed it, and manure it, and to do all those tiresome dirty sort of things that merely break one's back, and of course when I am working in it, the garden boy has to come and clear up after me, but except for that I do it entirely myself, entirely.'

'The result you get is certainly wonderful,' the neighbouring garden-wife replies with two-edged discretion, as she looks with fashion-trained eye of jealousy at the mass of common things growing rankly, at the fearful medley of colour called the herbaceous border, in which magenta and orange, bright blues and purples, curse and swear in unfriendly proximity.

'You think so? I must admit it is different from when I took it over; bedding-out everywhere! Those dreadful ribbon borders! Nothing but Geraniums, and Lobelias, and Calceolarias everywhere!'

'Those awful things!' the echoing wife replies. The garden-wife hates Geraniums, Lobelias, and Calceolarias; they represent the old *régime*, when the gardener gardened, before she took to following out of doors the last expiring effort to the decadent housewife within doors, who put the kitchen-dresser in the drawing-room because it was old and oak, just as she in the garden puts the globe-artichoke in the flower-garden because it is coarse and loud.

Garden-wives are the most fashionable form of Mutual Admiration Society, though their method of expressing their appreciation is somewhat primitive, and recalls the habits of the Mendicant Orders of the middle ages.

From garden to garden the garden-wife goes, blatantly begging.

'Do give me a little bit of that.' 'I should so like it, if I

might have a scrap of this.' 'I have none of those, might I have some of yours,' is the burden of her song. Does it ever occur to her, one wonders, how odd it would sound if she proceeded in like nature within doors and demanded of her host his cherished little bit of Battersea enamel; or of her old-fashioned hostess a tiny scrap of that curtain to cover a chair with; or suggested to some old-fashioned dowager that she would so like an inch or two of her rope of pearls because she had none of her own But this is only another instance of the social truth that what is wrong in one place is quite right in another, for nowadays to go round a garden without begging for something is considered almost rude, and shows a lamentable lack of intelligent appreciation on the part of the guest.

The one person with whom the garden-wife is not as a rule on terms is the gardener. His view of her is the view of the Ancienne Noblesse of France towards the invading people. He regards her as an ignorant upstart encroaching on his own property, and doubtless some of her experimental ways are somewhat startling to his conventional habits. One cannot but accord a little sympathy to the old-established gardener who saw his own well-trained garden-boy taken from him by a philanthropic garden-wife whose craze was waifs and strays, and a little town-bred urchin who knew not a spade from a spud given him to help him do the garden work.

Can one do otherwise than sympathise with him when in a certain dry summer, when water was as precious as wine, after having furnished the boy with a watering-can and rose and bidden him water the garden—as being the simplest job he could find for untried labour—he returned to find the beds dry as dust and the gravel path one mass of mud and slush, as though a spade had been, and the precious water all wasted; and when he turned upon the London urchin and rebuked him in no measured terms to be met with: 'Water, I should think I 'ave watered. Turned myself into a bloomin' watering cart, that I 'ave, a'watering the road all the evening. Never see'd a watering cart down 'ere in this blessed country, I s'pose.'

There are some situations where no mutual understanding is possible.

To hear the conversation of the garden-wife while walking in her rose garden is seriously to misdoubt her assertion that since she took to gardening she no longer discusses people and never

dreams of gossiping about her friends and neighbours. The following fragments of dialogue were overheard the other day by an old-fashioned and literal-minded housewife, who, clad in the clothes of the frump, humbly followed in the wake of two charming and beautifully dressed garden-wives.

'Ah! dear old Maria Finger! so you know her. Very sweet and useful and all that, but not much to look at. I don't think any one could really love her, do you'

'As for the Bride, she's a sport, nothing else'

'That over there? That's Francisca Kruger. Did you ever see anything so yellow? Over there, I mean, by Mrs. W. J. Grant—the one who is all the fashion just now, you know. I must say I can't understand it myself, for I think she's hideous—so floppy and untidy.'

'Aimée Vibert, she's a rampant climber; if I were you I should beware of her.'

'Surely you must know that Mrs. John Laing takes a lot of liquid, do look at her colour; and Rosa Rugosa is of very coarse habit, greedy's not the word for her!'

'Céline Forestier is a real worry, she's taken to shooting in every direction. She's the fastest thing I know.'

'Lady Mary Fitzwilliam is a dwarf, so they tell me.'

'I've cut Viscountess Folkestone, I did it deliberately this morning. There was nothing else for it, and as to William Allen Richardson, I've turned him out altogether.'

'Standards, my dear! You don't mean to say you worry about them? I got rid of mine years ago. They're so tiresome, always giving trouble; don't you agree with me? Life's been a different thing since I gave up having standards! Standards are not at all the fashion nowadays, I assure you!'

Small wonder that the neglected and despised house-wife who walked behind, listening to the so-called ungossipy conversation of the popular garden-wife, felt really shocked, and thought regretfully of the good old days when people listened to her with respectful interest as she said in tones as important as though she were announcing that the end of the world had come:

'Have you heard that Miss Muffet has quite lost her complexion, and Mrs. John Bull's cook was dead drunk last night? and in a hoarse whisper: 'Do you know what Mrs. Grundy has found out?'

Autre temps, autres mœurs.

VERSE AND MRS. CHAPLIN.

BY VISCOUNT ST. CYRES.

NOT long ago an unfortunate fellow-countryman of mine was whipped at the cart's tail by Mr. Churton Collins for having dared to edit the lyrics of a railway porter and of other persons in humble life. I cannot but think Mr. Collins a little unreasonable in this assertion of the dignity of literature. None of our Poets Laureate took himself more seriously than Southey; yet Southey took the kindest interest in the poems of John Jones, servant to Mr. Bruere, of Kirkby Hall, near Catterick. 'Do not suppose,' wrote the excellent author of 'Thalaba,' 'that I present Jones to notice as a heaven-born genius, or that I have discovered another Bloomfield. There is enough to show that nature has given him the ear, and the eye, and the heart of a poet, and this is sufficient for my purpose. . . . I want to read a wholesome lesson in this age of mechanics' institutes and of University College. I want to show how much moral and intellectual improvement is within the reach of those who are more our inferiors than there is any necessity that they should be. I want to show that they have minds to be enlarged and feelings to be gratified, as well as souls to be saved, which is the only admission that some persons are willing to make, and that grudgingly enough.' Nor is this all that can be said in favour of uneducated poets. Although they seldom kindle new emotions, they are honest and direct; and direct contact with an honest nature has its value. They are the literary spokesmen of the great inarticulate lower class—the masters whom we have got to educate, and of whom we know so little. To the educational reformer their verses are a veritable human document, full of hints as to the strength and weaknesses of the Many, their dangers and their needs. Certainly at least we catch the voice of feminine agricultural England when we listen to the words of Mrs. Chaplin, who dates her criticisms of life from a farm-house at Great Galleywood, in Essex.

Mrs. Chaplin's literary baggage consists of two slim volumes, called respectively 'Chimes for the Times' and 'Sunlit Spray from the Billows of Life.' Each made its appearance during the last decade of the nineteenth century. As may be expected

from the occupation of their authoress, theological subjects bulk largest in both : Church dogmas are the natural starting-point for rustic speculations on the meaning of the universe, and Church services are often the only poetry that enters deep into rustic life. But Mrs. Chaplin does not pipe always on one note. Some of her verses are autobiographical, some humorous ; others deal with what may be roughly called the rights and dignity of labour. Over all is cast a pleasant agricultural flavour, such as comes natural to a poetess bred 'twixt marigolds and mud.'

The flavour remains, in spite of a strong undercurrent of realism. Galleywood is not Arcady, nor is Mrs. Chaplin at work on Theocritean idylls : her verses look the facts of life steadily in the face.

Sowing, hoeing, and mowing ;
Drilling, dressing, and drains,
So cumber the mind
One seldom can find
Any leisure, except when it rains,

is one alliterative complaint. Another enters into greater detail :

The nails were heavy in our shoes, the roots were hard to grind,
And the milk customers *could* scold, if Tom should be behind.

Worst of all is the feeling that nine-tenths of this patient endurance is thrown away :

Little profit gave the farm, and little peace the cows,
in a county where land lets for 7s. 6d. the acre.

But Mrs. Chaplin never dwells too long on the dark side of things ; as with Dr. Johnson's friend, cheerfulness is always breaking in. And what she knows to be true of herself she believes to be also true of her neighbours ; Mr. Arthur Morrison himself is not so stout a believer in the underlying optimism of the Essex peasant. Nothing enrages her more than the thesis

That poets are dreamers all,
Who idle the time away.
For I know some who have hearts as light
As the elves in the fairies' home ;
Their hands are hard, but their brows are bright,
And I'll tell you whence they come :
Making the bands in the harvest field,
Stacking the yellow wheat
Turning the dunghills about, which yield
Bread for those poets to eat.
And our life is not such a tolling blank
As the dreamers would have you think ;

We've the children to love, and a God to thank
 For every pleasure we drink.
 We cherish the sun, though at scorching noon
 We'd be happy to do without it ;
 And we're very fond of watching the moon,
 Though we mustn't lose time about it.

But Mrs. Chaplin is not always on her farm. She would agree with Sir Barnes Newcome, in his famous lecture on Mrs. Hemans, that to appeal to the domestic affections is, after all, the true office of the bard—to decorate the homely threshold the delightful duty of the Christian singer. In this I cannot think her altogether wise. Her rustic verses show real love of nature ; but the further she strays away from the fields the more trite, and even vulgar, does her Muse become. Many of her 'Chimes for the Home' might have been written by Mrs. Hemans's lady's-maid. There is a fatal want of *retenue*—such as cannot be wholly atoned for by the excellence of its commonsense—in the great passage that explains her rule of conduct towards Mr. Chaplin : I mean the passage which leads off :—

I must not expect him to kiss and be kind
 When the state of the pig trade engrosses his mind.

At times her vocabulary leaves much to be desired. Somehow she does not seem to realise that the employment of a single frowzy word will taint the atmosphere of a whole poem. Witness the two following extracts from her 'Convent Bells' :—

Oh, where is my beautiful girl to-night,
 The child of my love and care ?
 She is not strong, and may kneel too long
 In the attitude of prayer.
 The wild winds sweep to my *slipperd* feet,
 I hear the tempest whirl :
 Will they put a fire in the convent cell
 To warm my beautiful girl ?

Or again—

Let me take you to the cloisters —
 Ay ! I must—come, kiss your mother—
 Say good-bye—good-bye for ever—
 To that big, fond, teasing brother.
 Heap that mending on the sideboard.
 Put your father's *socks* away ;
 They must learn to do without you,
 You have got your prayers to say.

Of lean and slippered pantaloons one has heard before ; but *socks*

would certainly come into a French critic's catalogue of *mots ignobles*.

Again, Mrs. Chaplin is not true to her own ideals. 'I am satisfied,' she tells us in the preface to 'Sunlit Spray,' 'to present the ordinary thoughts of ordinary people in ordinary language.' Certainly a laudable ambition; but my complaint is that Mrs. Chaplin often fails to attain it, and that in cases where she might perfectly well have succeeded, if only she had been a little more serious and exercised a little more self-control. To take one instance among many: she began life with an unbounded admiration for the clergy, and that admiration has not stood the test of time. There could be no more ordinary experience of ordinary people. Why, then, use such high-flown language as the following to describe how she was disillusioned as to her pet ecclesiastic?

We clustered about his person,
Like bees round an ivy bower,
Thinking there must be honey
Somewhere in *such* a flower.
We follow him through life's breakers,
We see how he strikes the shelves,
Then murmur because we find him
A clay thing, like ourselves.

It may be inferred from the above that Mrs. Chaplin's sense of humour is not her strongest point; and I shall therefore pass over her jocular verses without a word, and proceed at once to her theology, the central point of all her thoughts. Here a distinction is imperative. The *form* of her devotional poems does not call for special remark; most of them fall into the characteristic danger of religious verse—they are either conventional or extravagant, not infrequently both at once. The *matter* is another story.

In the first place Mrs. Chaplin does education one useful service. She explodes the common, superficial impression that the religion of country-folk is all sweetness and light—rose-covered parsonages and church bells, and chubby children on their way to Sunday school. Rustics—at any rate rustics of the older generation, to which Mrs. Chaplin belongs—like their theology hot and strong; they tell one another, and wish to be told again from the pulpit, how

'Tis true, as the glorious God is true,
That a hell is to every mortal due;
And a strong tide rolls from the grave's dark door
To the homes of the Lost on the unseen shore.

Not that all of them would go as far as Mrs. Chaplin. That lady is a full-blooded Calvinist, who would have been perfectly at home in the meeting-house of Jonathan Edwards; everywhere in her writings one catches faint echoes of that grim divine—'infants not a span long crawling about the floor of hell,' 'sinners hanging over the bottomless pit by a slender thread, with the flames of divine wrath dashing about them'—and all the nightmare imagery called up by an overstrained Puritan conscience. That she should combine these horrors with a genuine love for fields and flowers is not so surprising as at first sight it seems. There is more in Calvinism than its dogma of hell fire; and Mrs. Chaplin thoroughly grasps the grander, mystical side of her creed—its conception of the universe as governed by one Divine, unalterable Law. To this Law all Nature is obedient, except the essentially rebellious human heart. It follows that, apart from man, all created things are good in their degree; rightly looked at, every prospect is, and must be, pleasing, though every man is certain to be vile. How far Mrs. Chaplin discovers traces of this unutterable vileness in a quiet English village I cannot undertake to say.

But if the grim logic of her creed does not always square with facts, it at any rate serves Mrs. Chaplin to great advantage whenever she touches on current affairs. It gives an organic consistency to her remarks, such as is curiously impressive in these days, when

The maudlin men of modern thought
Can grip no standard truth,

as she herself observes. Indeed, as a basis for controversial operations, Calvinism stands higher than Catholicism itself. Its dogmas are even more rigorously clear and distinct; its infallibility is still more self-assuredly infallible. All roads lead to Rome, and almost all opinions are allowed there, provided they do not openly conflict with the policy of the Church; only one road leads to Geneva, and there no difference of opinions is allowed at all. On the other hand, once let the believer gulp down his 'Institutio,' and he will never need to doubt or hesitate again; he will know exactly what to think on any given subject, and, whenever he scents a heresy, will deal out his 'twenty-nine distinct damnations' with all the *aplomb* of the Pope himself. Watch Mrs. Chaplin at work, compiling her *syllabus errorum nostræ ætatis*. Is it Dean Stanley and the Broad Church? She scathingly condemns them.

A few bright texts about the love of God,
 And the moralities that sweeten home,
 Make up their Bible ; while they fling abroad
 The dear Atonement and the wrath to come.

Is it Dr. Martineau and modern theologians in general? Mrs. Chaplin flings them into the same dust-bin with the members of a Hell-fire Club—

The critic, the scholar, the bland Unitarian,
 Who dares to dethrone the Lord Jesus—the Arian!
 The braggart who boldly blasphemes in his revels,
 Shall share the belief and the trembling of devils.

Is it Mr. Darwin and the 'Origin of Species'? Our farmer's wife, who probably knows no more of embryology than is enough to tell a good egg from a bad one, will meet the evolutionists on their own ground.

Answer me yet again, and say
 If men from toads and tadpoles grew,
 Where is the animal, with soul
 Half-shaped between a toad and you?
 Men have been men from Eden's bowers,
 And toads are toads through all time's hours,
 And grass is green, and skies are blue.
 Unaltered since the earth was new.

Only from the Higher Critics does she deign to ask a favour.

Ah! spare me Jonah! If you take away
 All other miracles, let this abide,
 For he and I in closest sympathy
 Have taken many a journey side by side—

both, apparently, 'within the whale's capacious frame.'

Still these are only trifling skirmishes with unimportant foes; the quarry Mrs. Chaplin really hunts are the Ritualists and the Pope. Against the former, at any rate, she has a legitimate grievance. Her family are Nonconformists, and the neighbourhood of Galleywood is graced by a clergyman who holds forth to his parishioners as follows:—

Here is the Church of England, boys,
 A beautiful yeasty mass,
 But Dissent is a lump that will stick in our throats
 If we spit it not out as we pass.
 And just as you see your mothers
 Spitting the lumps about,
 So will the God of heaven
 Put the Dissenters out.

No wonder that Mrs. Chaplin, doubly outraged by this profana-

tion of the mysteries of the bakehouse, vows that Galleywood's children's children shall hear 'the tale of the vicar's dough.'

Less interested motives also intervene to stimulate her wrath. In her eyes Ritualism is simply heathenish; and she is fond of appealing to the mob to stamp it out.

God bless you, honest Englishmen,
Wherever you may be;
Come out and set your foot upon
This base idolatry.

For God is still a jealous God,
And still His curses fall,
Sooner or later, when He sees,
An Idol on the Wall.

This appeal to the brutal argument of the fist is a lamentable departure from the older method of her School. Such a Protestant as the late author of 'Proverbial Philosophy' has laid it expressly under his ban.

By all means! Law and Quiet,
Be this our modern praise,
No Lord George Gordon riot,
No 'light of other days,'
Such light as bonfires gleaming
With sacrilegious fires,
And mobs to scare our matrons,
As once they scared our sires,

he sings in one of his best-known lyrics. But Mrs. Chaplin—womanlike—prefers a more militant procedure. Besides, she cannot shake off the fear that Convocation is leading the House of Commons astray.

For when the Church equivocates,
And bishops hide their eyes,
How long before the *Senate* stoops
To trickery and lies?
And through the country rings a cry
Of honest-hearted shame,
For vicars skip their vows, and then
The bishops do the same.

Harbingers of still more awful woe are the diplomatic courtesies exchanged of late years between the Court of St. James's and the Vatican. Mrs. Chaplin looks back wistfully to the days when Pius V. excommunicated Queen Elizabeth.

For that is England's danger *now*,
Which *then* was England's hope;
God's curse has ever rested on
The blessing of the Pope.

I fear that, for once, our poetess has tripped in her theology; the last proposition, as well as being uncharitable, is certainly Manichæan. But Mrs. Chaplin seldom shows at her best when she assumes the offensive. Indignation makes her verses, but, alas! it does not always render them intelligible: I can make neither head nor tail of several of her utterances on the confessional. It is of little profit to explain that the priest in the box is

A man of sin in a robe of state,
Who buys and sells at a fearful rate,

when no information is vouchsafed us as to the nature of these exchanges, except that they are somehow connected with 'Anti-christ's voluptuous cause,' and with

The pivot that turns so well
His simpering guests to the depths of hell.
'I am a priest; I cannot sin,
And I pardon, if I take you in.'

Rare indeed are such oases of lucidity as—

Don't go to confession; oh, never make known
The secrets of others, or even your own,
To a man in a clerical hat;
Take from him his waistcoat, and give him a beard,
Then is he a thing to be kneeled to, or feared,
Or for pardon looked hopefully at?

But I must not trespass longer on a field already inscribed with the name of a master—that of Mr. James Britten, author of 'Protestant Fiction.' One word, however, must be said about the poems dealing with convent life.

Mrs. Chaplin approaches this subject in a spirit of paradox worthy of a *fin de siècle* undergraduate—or perhaps, as the nineteenth century is past, I should say an undergraduate *fin de siècle et après*, borrowing an idea from Mr. James Knowles. The one and only method of these youths is to turn the ideas of the public topsy-turvy. They will prove the Emperor Tiberius a saint, and good Queen Anne a woeful sinner; they will discover unsuspected analogies between the careers of Cæsar Borgia and of the Reverend Tobias Boffin, B.A., between the rhymes of Dr. Watts and Baudelaire's 'Fleurs du Mal.' This is the way that Mrs. Chaplin deals with nunneries. The world supposes them an embodiment of the lilies and languors of virtue; our paradox-monger must therefore prove their intimate connection

with every rose and every rapture of vice. I do not, of course, mean to imply that she says what she thinks may be untrue; but convents lie so far away from the experience of Great Galleywood that Mrs. Chaplin naturally treats them as a kind of Wonderland, where neither the laws of nature nor the Ninth Commandment have any force or application—where facts are fancies, and fancies facts, and every wish is the philoprogenitive father of events. Hence she gives free rein to her humour. Oh, the pleasant mischief! the stirring merry fancy, chuckles she inwardly to herself, to think that women who pretend so much are perhaps no better than they should be. Forthwith her imagination hears 'strange tales'

Of subterranean groans,
Of chains, and mattress, and iron scourge,
Cages, and infants' bones.
You say there goes no funeral
From out the convent gate;
You think there may be pits and lime
Where infants lie in state?

I should have thought it most improbable, though I will not go so far as Mr. Britten, who says that it is Mrs. Chaplin herself that lies—not in state exactly, but in statement. But that lady is not in the least disconcerted. Out of the depths of her self-consciousness she evolves an imprisoned nun, who thus addresses the British public:—

Men of the world, come in, come in,
And scan the convent's wrongs,
Oh, register our births and deaths,
And let your Senate give
The glorious freedom of its gaols
To every nun alive.

Alas! there are no worse reformers than men of the world. As Mr. Morley justly says, their pygmy hope that kings may be some day better than they are is generally to be found shivering beside their gigantic conviction that they might be infinitely worse. So Mrs. Chaplin, girding herself up for a mighty effort, produces a second imprisoned nun to lay her humble petition at the feet of the Queen.

Oh, if she would stand alone
At the grating where we make our moan,
Would speak by her law to the cardinals proud
And frown into silence the Romanist crowd,
And say, as she catches our wailings below:
'These are dens of iniquity over they go.'

To comment on such amazing effusions would be an impertinence. One can only hope that the new Education Act may be the means of instilling a sense of humour, a sense of proportion, and above all a sense of charity, into the younger generation of Great Galleywood. Mrs. Chaplin herself, I fear, is irreformable. Yet her writings yield abundant proof that, amid healthier ecclesiastical surroundings, she might have developed into 'a new Bloomfield'—at any rate, she would have probably acquired the good old virtue of *ἐπιείκεια*.

'MERCHANT MORLEY.'

'A MAN should be born old and die young,' said a philosophising friend to me the other day. 'He should start life endowed with the necessary experience, and instead of spending his best years in acquiring money he should be assured of a competency as soon as his college days are over.' Most of us, however, are not satisfied with competencies. We require wealth, not of course for its own sake, but for the sake of the opportunities it provides. Every man according to his taste; and indeed modern civilisation has invented so many ways of dissipating riches that the chief difficulty now seems to lie in devising an original outlet for them.

At the bottom of this terrible haste to get money, from which society suffers, lies, of course, the fear lest one may become too old and dulled of appetite to enjoy it when it does arrive. We cannot all win in the game, but as good sportsmen let us not withhold a due measure of admiration for such as do.

Although millionaires were uncommon in the earlier eighteenth century, the raising of a fortune was an accomplishment not entirely neglected even then. Perhaps it was unattended by the passion of idolatry offered to-day. But then the rules of the game were different, at any rate in the particular instance we are about to examine. The origin of the fortune-builder, if ignoble, was never surrounded with mystery, his homely surname ran no risk of being altered beyond recognition, his early calling was not buried deep in the tomb of forgetfulness.

John Morley's master and exemplar, the 'valuable Sir Josiah Child,' instilled into his pupil's mind a valuable lesson. 'He incurridged me not to be discuiridged by reason of my being a butcher, adding that noe wise man would ask wither I was a baker, a butcher, a brewer, a tanner, a turner, a taylor, or a sayler, but wither his business were done.' So Morley was never eager to be taken for precisely what he was not.

On the contrary, from a curious fragment of autobiography not long since unearthed by one of his descendants, Mr. R. J. Beever, it appears as if Merchant Morley's most cherished desire was that every ungarnished fact concerning his humble origin should be known and read of all men.

To while away a couple of winter's evenings spent in two of those picturesque hostelrys which a recent writer on Essex has described as a 'school of manners and a centre of culture,' this ex-butcher and land-jobber, friend of poets and *protégé* of noble and clerical patrons, determines to confide to paper the authentic history of his introduction to the financial world. Ignorant he remained, no doubt, of the self-revelation that accompanies his confession. Nothing could exceed his want of knowledge of commercial affairs outside his greasy butcher's block and blue apron, to begin with; and yet, no sooner does he come under the spell of the great East India merchant than the awkward Essex farmer blossoms out into the astute and wary speculator, adopting the language of the mart, and scenting far off a good investment or a profitable bargain. How this change came about he relates with a singular *naïveté*, which shows him to be by no means undeserving of the title of 'humourist' which Caulfield in his 'Remarkable Characters' has applied to him. Although near seventy years of age when he wrote his autobiography, Morley's memory seems to have been marvellously good. He reproduces the conversations with his first patron; he recalls the details of his working clothes as well as of the finery afterwards bestowed upon him, the quantity and length of his hair, the horses he rode, the lessons in deportment given him by Sir Josiah, and all the circumstances of his adventures thirty or forty years before. He is ashamed of nothing and conceals nothing, not even his ingenuous panic at the ways of the 'morose-countenanced' London gentleman who designed, he concluded, to swallow up his first small hoard of gold. The episodes of his career as a butcher are the very last things he is anxious to hide. He glories fiercely in his honest if unsavoury calling, and though not averse to sunning himself in the smiles of countesses and duchesses (as Pope in a letter humorously reminds him) he protests himself a butcher till his life's end. To show that his gory right hand had never lost its anatomical cunning, Morley kept up till he died the annual custom of killing and scalding 'a hogg' in Halstead Market, paying for the privilege one groat as a fee.

This small industrial town, whose red-roofed houses cling to the sides of the steep High Street which belies the accepted notion of Essex flatness, is probably known by name all over the world as the place where crepe is made. For its hospitable welcome of the expatriated French and Flemish Protestants, it

was rewarded by the establishment of successful weaving industries, commencing with 'bays, says, and perpetuances,' and now concerned chiefly with silk, velvet, and crepe.

Morley's father followed the trade of butcher, and, when he departed, left to his wife Julian Bragg 'all that she brought with her when she came to Halstead, 4*l.* to buy a mourning suite, and a red petticoat.' To his eldest son, our financier, he left a small inheritance of land and houses, the butcher's shop, and his own bedstead and feather bed.

When his father died in 1696 Morley, though not at the zenith of his fame, had already proceeded far on the upward road. He was forty years of age, married, and the father of seven children. Could he have foretold the eminence to which a descendant of his fourth child and third daughter, Anne, would rise, he would doubtless have felt even more justified in anticipating the interest posterity would take in his own origin. For not the least interesting thing about Merchant Morley to-day is that through this daughter's son Thomas—a scholar of Christ Church, Oxford, and rector of a Suffolk parish—he became ancestor in direct line of the man whose name is in everybody's mouth, Horatio Herbert, Viscount Kitchener of Khartum, and Aspull, Suffolk. It has not occurred to the most ardent of his admirers to record that name in the Irish dwelling where he chanced to be born. So the idea of Merchant Morley's own immortal fame excites an indulgent smile. For which of his deeds or attributes did the merchant fancy Halstead ought to remember him, that he placed a gilded inscription on the chimney-piece at Worthies Place: 'John Morley of Halstead, son of John Morley and Julian his wife, was born in this chamber the 8th of February 1655 [6]'?

The young butcher's introduction to the moneyed world was not quite so accidental as it seemed. It supplies a practical comment on the text which promises his due reward to the industrious and civil-spoken young 'prentice who keeps his eye on the look-out for possible openings. He shall now tell his own tale.

*The Red Bull Inn, in Newport Pond, in Essex: 1
December 9, 1725.*

Having occasion to call at this place, the night drawing on, itt came into my thoughts of mentioning the way of my being first knowne to that great man of

¹ The document from which the following extracts are taken was first printed in the current number of the *Essex Review* (quarterly), Colchester, July 1902.

trade and encourager of Industry, Sir Josiah Child, viz. he having Bought, above thirty years since, an Estate in the parish of Halstead, in which I was borne, and at that time was married and had several children, and used the trade of a Butcher, in which I was bred. I kept my shop near the church gate. The said Sir Josiah Child having sent two quakers, viz. Thomas Robins and John Ellis, as his servants, to take care and improve the said estate, they both coming from Boys Hall, belonging to the same, passed by my said shop before I could with decency speak to them. They went to several other Butchers' stalls in the Markett, but offering not soe much to either of ye said Butchers as they thought fit to take (it being as I remember in the month of October), they, in very uncommendable languidge, gave them very approbrious words. Which I observed, and waiting a fitt opportunity to speak to them after ye following manner (viz.):

'Masters, will you please to see what meat I have. I hope you will like it as well as any you have seen.' Their answer was: 'Thee speakest civillest to us of any butcher. Wee will see what thou hast.'

I being fully determined to take any money they offered me, although not the third part of its value, we soon agreed, to the best of my remembrance, without the loss of one Grote, very much to my satisfaction. After that time I had much dealinges with them, and killed hoggs for them and many others at the rate of 4*d.* per hogge, as the custum then was.

About the month of July after the said month of October, the said Sir Josiah Child had ordered the Park belonging to the said Estate to be disparked, and the keeper, John White, being very aged and dispirited at the disparking the same, the said John Ellis desired I would assist in killing the Deer, which I readilye comply'd with, receiving for killing each deer 1*s.*, the venison being sent several times yearly by a servant to Wanstead House.

This servant, the writer goes on to explain, being remiss in executing his commission in a fit and orderly manner, the deer-slayer was desired to go on the errand instead. The only bargain made was that a mount should be provided him for the two days' journey, since he possessed no horse of his own. It was about thirty-six miles from Halstead to Wanstead. After a trial trip or two, three shillings were offered him as payment; the sum was readily accepted, in spite of a discovery that the actual cost was five. But our astute butcher stipulated with the keeper that he should be allowed a personal interview with 'the great man his master,' whose name, he says in a rather grovelling spirit, he did not attempt to utter, fearing he 'might not do it in a proper manner.' Morley's humorous description of his reception shows him to have been very wide awake.

At my sending letters to the great man (as I then cal'd him) by his Butler into his parlor, he ordered the Butcher should be cal'd, which I, attending in the great Hall, overheard with no small concerne of mind. But going to ye parlor door as submissively as I could, although in a very diffarent manner from other persons, viz. making a very low bow, with my hat in both my hands between my leggs, with a collar band, and long shoe stringes, in a Butcher's frock, and I think a gurdle, steele, and apron, and my heire being thin, I was particularly observed. The great man's words were to ye effect following, viz.:

'How now, Butcher, I hear you are a thriving man, what money have you?'

'And like your Honour, about six score pound.'

'But how much will drive the trade?'

'And like your Honour (bowing as above), about twenty pounds.'

'Then bring the rest when you come next time with venison, and you shall buy East India Stock.'

At which I was very much surprized, and answered, bowing as above: 'And like your Honour, I had rather buy fat sheepe,' taking East India stock to be such iron backs as are sett against Chimneys. But I made another Bow as above, with: 'And like your Honour, I will bring up my money.' And departed from the Parlor door pleased at my being at liberty.

Returning home, according to promise, I brought up my hundred pounds with the venison in two hampers, as usual, in each hamper fifty pounds. As soon as the great man heard I was come, I was sent for to attend him in his Parlor, but could not be persuaded to advance further than the door, in the same manner as above.

'How now, Butcher, have you brought your money?'

'Yes, and like your Honour.'

After the delivery of it, I had his note with orders to go to London to Mr. John Sewell, his agent in Butle Lane, by the Monument, which very much startled me, not having been ever there before. But I was not willing to seem concerned, but with his horse, set forward, with the said note between my glove and my hand. I inquired for the signe of the Three Colts at Mile End, having heard my honerd father mention it to bee a good place of entertaynment (as I truly found it). Inquiring the way to the said Buttalf Lane, the kind landlady, viz. Mrs. Grimley, of the said house, provided me a trusty servant to direct me to the place and see me safe back again, which he did.

As soon as I left London I concluded I had lost my money between these gentlemen. The said Mr. Sewell being a lusty, black, morose-countenanst man in long, lank haire, received my note and gave me another without speaking one word. Therefore I never desired to see London any more.

Three or four months after, Sir Josiah came to see his estate at Halsted, in which time he had ordered me buckles to my shoes, a Steenkirk neckcloth, and a wigg. And talk't very kindly to me, and commanded me to sitt downe in his parlor, and shew'd me to hold my hatt in another manner, and not stand at the door, and showed me how to attend him att his table when he came to Halstead, which I did with much pleasure.

Att his coming thither several gentlemen dyned with him, one of which was a graduate physician call'd Dr. Ingram. About dinner time, the said Dr. Ingram desired to know what proffitt a hundred pounds would yielde for one yeare in the East India Company. The answer was to the following effect:

'Doctor, no person can tel what it will yield for one day to come. But I can tell you what it hath done for sixteen years past, and the butcher can tell you what it hath done for four or five months past, he having put in one hundred pounds and its now worth one hundred and sixty.' Hearing this gave me much pleasure, believing my money was not lost. Soone after the said Dr. Ingram told me he would give me five guynes more for halfe of my East India Stock than it would sell for at London, which proposal I acquainted Sir Josiah with. He advised me to comply, telling me he would lend me a horse to London, and I might get five guynes for my journey. Which I readiely comply'd with, and thought it would be better than 3s a journey for my carrying venison, as before mentioned.

Soone after, I waited on Mr. Edward Ingram, the son of Dr. Ingram, to the East India House in Leden Hall Street, with letters from the said Sir Josiah Child to several persons, and the business was done to my satisfaction. I soone came acquainted at the East India House, being several times sent from Wanstead on messedges, and bought and sold stock untill I had gotten the £100 I first put into the said Company, and had the same stock I bought at first, which £100 I brought home and desir'd my wife to lay it aside, assuring her I would not venture it any more. I met with good success with the little stock I had, having Sir Josiah Child's kind advice. But had no occasion for my £100, which had layne by for severall months, not knowing how to make ye least improvement of it, having sufficient to carry on my trade.

It was at this point that our speculator proceeded to embark in investments of a very different kind. Stocks and shares were still something of a mystery to him, but real property came entirely within his comprehension. There was much, however, to learn, even here. He seems to have been induced to make his first purchase—a house near the Town Bridge, where he plied his trade of butchering, and where meat is still sold—by the remark of 'Mr. Nicholas Jekyll, a reputable attorney of Hedingham Castle,' that it was 'a good title.' Morley confesses that he was proud to think he should be master of a house bearing the name of Guild Hall, 'which I believed was a greater title than ordinary, it being ye same name with that great place at upper end of Kings Street in London.' That he was not quite so simple as he pretends we may believe when he goes on to say, 'after having this honourable house for 3 or 4 months, I sold it to great advantage.'

In his second interview with Mr. Jekyll he became still more deeply involved in legal phraseology. The Hedingham lawyer had 'a parcell of land' for sale; Morley had imbibed the spirit of gambling, and nothing would do but he must purchase.

He diswaded me from buying it, [for] being a young man, it might be thought I had given too much, and that he had over-reached me in the agreement, which was eleven score pounds. I told him I would pay him six score pounds downe and would tye the land for the rest, not understanding either a mortgage or a bond. When he mentioned a 'surrender,' I noe more understood that sort of conveyance, nor copy hold from freehold land, then I now understand the Hebrew languidge. But I went on with the agreement, and concluded within myself that I could sell ye land to advantage in three or four months, as I had done ye said house, not knowing that it was copy hold, and that I was to pay a fine to the lord of the manor.

To cut the story short (for Morley's style seems to have been formed on a close acquaintance with parchment writings), he found

that the fine amounted to 17*l.*, and if he sold the land the next purchaser would also pay another 17*l.* This consideration made him wish to sell, and he determined in future to inform himself of the difference between freehold and copyhold land. He was not long in finding a purchaser, at a price which covered the copyhold fine and left him twenty pounds to the good. When he informed Sir Josiah Child of his good bargain, that individual was highly pleased at his pupil's success. It was an excellent beginning, and reflected much credit on the methods of instruction imparted by the author of 'A New Discourse on Trade.'

He told me he would imploy me to buy land for him, which he did to the greatest part of twenty thousand pounds vallue; he taking great paynes to instruct me therein, as also in teaching me to write and keeping plaine accounts by Dr. and Creditor, both persons signing the same book when ye account was made up, giving of me much freedom in conversing with him, allowing me to ask him questions in ye plainest manner, his answers being very informing. I have observed several times, if there were any money charged in any of his Bayliff's or my own accounts that did not by any omission seeme so cleere as ye other particulars in ye account, his question was, 'Did you expend this sum on my account? Then I allow it freely, and observe to make ye particulars more plaine in your next account.' And this with all the mildness of temper that could bee desired. He was a great incurridger of Industrey, and delighted to imploy the poore in the most needful times. . . . I always found he kept his word in all agreements in the most strict sense, and incurridged others to doe ye same. He was a true lover of his country and a promoter of trade, much to ye advantage of it.

Then, with a slight allusion to Child's Jacobite leanings (he believed King James II. to be 'an honest man, though in ill hands and having soe vile a chancellor and other ministers and officers of state about him'), the autobiography concludes with regret that many things have slipped the writer's memory, for it is 'neare forty years since I first waited on him.' Morley adds, in a burst of gratitude, 'Could I doe anything more for any of his ofspring then I have done, it would bee as agreeable as my drinking tea att six in ye morning and Dyning att noone on ye same day.' Curiously enough, we have another allusion to Morley's tea-drinking propensities in a letter from Dr. Stratford, canon of Christ Church, to Edward Lord Harley. Morley was Harley's companion on a trip to Scotland. His lordship's old tutor highly approves of the companionship.

You know I have often wished you were bound prentice to Morley rather than to Wanley, with all due respect to Wanley's profession. I shall be glad to find you so good a proficient as to be able to debate a point of improvement with the

merchant. My hearty respects to the merchant. I hope he will teach you his trade and make your Lordship as errant a land jobber as he is. . . . I shall long to have an account of your peregrinations and of the accommodations you met with in that land of promise [elsewhere he speaks of their 'travels towards the North Pole, through craggy scrubbed ways']. If Merchant Morley's own cargo failed him, I am afraid the places where you baited would scarce afford him bohea and loaf sugar.

If the merchant had seen fit to continue his autobiography we might have learned the truth about his connection with the Harleys and his responsibility for the Harley-Holles marriage. Rumour has it that for negotiating this alliance he received 10,000*l*.¹ If so, match-making proved even more profitable than dealing in East India stock or jobbing in Essex estates. And it is certainly a tribute to Merchant Morley's tact and diplomacy that he was employed in such a delicate matter as the arranging of the future of the Duke of Newcastle's fatherless heiress. If he were indeed the agent employed, he was perhaps chosen not so much because he was proficient in handling land (the bride's person was accompanied by estates valued at 100,000*l*.) as by reason of his connection with Halstead and Hedingham, where some of the dowry lay situated. The heiress's father had been better known, before he was created a duke, as John Holles, fourth Earl of Clare. He died a year or more before the marriage, and cherished his descent from the De Veres so much that he directed in his will that he should be buried near his great-grandfather, the famous Sir Horatio Baron Vere of Tilbury, renowned for his battles by sea and land.

Morley, at any rate, appears to have had plenty of money to spend just after the marriage in 1713. He purchased and rebuilt Blue Bridge House in his native town, laid out the gardens somewhat elaborately, and made terraces round about a small piece of water. True to his early faith, he placed over the door the arms of the Butchers Company of London. In the garden he erected a fountain with his own figure in metal, 'in his butchers habit with a hog lying on a bench before him, with a knife in his right hand, in his left a dish pouring water on the hog, at his left foot a dog sejant with a cord about his neck.' As a very exquisite

¹ The bridegroom's father was proportionately grateful, and rewarded Morley for this or other services with a 'cupp and salver,' bequeathed by the agent to his eldest son John, when he made his will, dated October 31, 1732, a few months only before his death.

contrivance, the water conveyed up the figure fell from a corner of the hat.

To Blue Bridge came some of the literary friends whom Morley's introduction to the Harleys brought the ex-butcher. Pope was there, he tells us. Prior was a not infrequent visitor, and, seeing his friend's peaceful establishment, began to long for a 'place where to bait 'twixt the court and the grave.' His ambition was not large :

Great Mother, let me once be able
To have a garden, house, and stable,
That I may read, and ride, and plant,
Superior to desire, or want ;
And as health fails and years increase,
Sit down, and think, and die in peace.

The land-jobber, of course, has just the place in his eye, and Prior's amusing 'Ballad of Down Hall' describes a jaunt undertaken in company with the agent to inspect the proposed purchase. (It appears to have been really purchased by Harley, who presented it to the poet for life and afterwards lived there himself.) A chariot was bought, in which to make the journey, which, instead of a thirty-mile drive into the country, might have included an expedition to Cape Wrath, to judge from the preparations. As a tribute to our renowned climate, one window was constructed of glass, the other of canvas,

So that extremes of winter and summer might pass.

Though both were Englishmen, the usual window amenities enlivened the hours of travel :

Draw up, quoth Friend Matthew, pull down, quoth Friend John.
So scolding and talking they forward did speed.

Through Hoddesdon and Harlow they coach, and at last arrive in sight of a solitary windmill. The house, protests the agent, is close behind. Matthew at length discerns a low, ruinous, untiled, unglazed, white shed.

'I believe 'tis a barn.
A barn ! why, you rave, 'tis a home for a squire,
A Justice of Peace, or a knight of the shire.

No 'Hall,' sure, can be built of lath and plaster. Roughly the agent assures the prospective owner that he can arrange with a bricklayer about all that.

My business is land, and it matters not me.

He cannot perceive what the deuce the poet ails—

I showed you Down Hall, did you look for Versailles?

As to his whims of apartments and gardens, why, Mat had best be content with things as they are, and take the house

For better for worse, as I took my dame Betty.

This Matthew shortly did, and readily enough. What is more to the point, he remained on the most friendly terms with the insinuating seller for ever after:

Now let us touch thumbs, and be friends ere we part,
Here John is my thumb, and here Mat is my heart;
To Halstead I speed and you go back to town.
Thus ends the first part of the Ballad of Down.

Gay was another of Morley's literary friends. But the most devoted was Pope, whose witty and affectionate letters are most excellent reading. Morley seems to have showered gifts of oysters and candied eringo roots—both natives of Colchester—upon the poet and his mother. Pope desires to know if Morley has some young woman in his eye to marry him to, that these 'attendant bribes' recur so frequently. 'As to marriage, I need provocatives of all sorts. . . . None of your Provocatives, good Mr. Morley, but as much of your goodwill as you please.'

When the merchant is laid up through having come into violent collision with a stake at Down Hall the poet seems to have been his faithful companion until he was about again. I am almost inclined to think, from the following letter from Pope to Harley, that the journey of the injured agent from Harlow to London was made under Pope's own eye. If not, he speedily followed, and awaited Morley's convalescence:

Dover St.: 7 Jan. 1725-6.

My Lord—I write this from your own house, and at the bedside of Mr. Morley, whom first yours and my Lady Oxford's letters, and next my informing him how much you were concerned for him, has half recovered. Your letters lie on his bed, which he reads for his morning and evening prayer. This frosty weather keeps his leg in pain, when it is dressed especially; but, as to his spirits, they are to be envied. He tells me he sees no company, and therefore, I believe, he talks or sings to himself, he is so much alive.

Ten or twelve days later Pope is released from his attendance on his friend, and writes to him from Twickenham in the following sportive strain:

It was a great pleasure to me to leave you so well recovered, and, as I may say, upon your legs again. A man that is so apt to run about to serve his friends, ought never, sure, to be laid up as you have been. It must, however, have taught you to be more cautious for the future how you venture at a great stake, and to walk warily, with many other moral and political lessons, when you who know

that ground better than any man in England have been thus *mistaken*. If my Lord and Lady Oxford's letters, which you used as daily plaisters to your wound, had not healed it up already, I might hope this which I send would have some effect. Theirs I apprehend gave you vanity, and therefore increased your proud flesh; mine may humble you, and take it down. I am eating the oysters you sent (pickled). St. Peter never tasted so good, though he was a fisherman all his life. I would not advise you to use such diet, nor yet to eat eringo roots, their neighbours at Colchester. These things would put your body into some disorder at this time, when you lie so much upon your back. Besides Dr. Cotesworth says your flesh is young, like a fellow's of five-and-twenty.

Pray write something in the account of your life to satisfy posterity that Down Hall was the ancient name of the place, and that it did not receive that appellation from throwing you down, in which case it may come hereafter to be called Down-Morley. After all, I fancy you lay in so long only to receive visits and letters and homages and messages in the greater state, to hear the condolences of countesses and Duchesses, and to see the diamonds of beauties sparkle at your bedside. You are so little accustomed to take your rest or to be still that now you come to find the sweets of it. I wish you do not do like the Indian king, who, when first he got into a soft bed, resolved he would never get up again. If so, we will all come to your couchée and the wits of the time shall be set at work to make your epitaph, without one word of a resurrection. But if your natural and usual impatience to serve others and that impetuosity so peculiar to yourself prevail over your present habit of repose, the next journey you take to buy land for a poet, I promise to accompany you, be you as active as you will. And upon all other journies and projects whatsoever of yours, I will at least accompany you with my best wishes for your success. I am, dear Sir, your very affectionate and hearty humble servant,

A. POPE.

The tone of this letter, and of Dr. Stratford's epistles to Harley, differs vastly from Swift's slighting mention of the 'rascally butcher and knave' to whom he attributes all Lord Oxford's embarrassments. But there seems little reason to believe that the Dean ever made the merchant's acquaintance. The letter in which these expressions occur was written five years after his death. Morley was so generous a benefactor of the churches and livings in the parishes where he acquired property that he deserved better of the Dean.¹ He purchased the presentation of several advowsons, and possibly intended his youngest son, Thomas, for the Church. But at Christ Church, Oxford, Thomas fell in with a 'little sorry girl that was servant to a poor bed-maker,' and, following her afterwards to London, had the grace to marry her, after which there are no more tidings of his career. Dr. Stratford, relating this to Harley in 1721, says he has 'been applied to, to recommend to Morley's favour his new daughter-in-law, but I believe you will think I have declined that office.'

¹ A register-book bound in vellum, on the cover in gilt lettering this inscription: 'The gift of John Morley, a butcher, to the parish of Little Maplestead, in Essex, December the 22nd, 1692,' is still carefully preserved there.

No mention of Thomas occurs in the merchant's will, which contains a kindly and fair disposition among his other seven children of his large property. There is a strange irony in the fact that it was realised almost entirely through buying and selling estates in Essex, a county where, I suppose, purely agricultural land is now of less value than in any other in England.

To Morley's wife, the 'Dame Betty' of the Ballad, no other allusion whatever can be traced save the reference to her thrifty disposition already given in her husband's reminiscences. The merchant's eldest grandson and namesake married Dorothy, daughter of Sir John Jacob, of Stanstead Hall, Halstead. He traded to the East in his own ship, returning with certain Greek marbles, which may now be seen in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. At his death in 1777 he divided a handsome fortune among his sons John Jacob, Hildebrand, and Allington, and his daughter, Dorothy, wife of Bridges Harvey. His enumeration of goods, other than South Sea stock and Government securities, includes 'East India shells, silver-mounted,' and numerous archaic articles of plate such as may have once pertained to the real founder of the family. Of the merchant's daughters, Martha married Thomas Unwin, of St. Peter's, Cornhill, and was father of Morley Unwin; Anne, as above indicated, became the wife of Thomas Fiske, rector of Shimpling, Suffolk; Susan, after her father's death, espoused his friend, Alexander Vievar, the elderly vicar of Halstead.

Morley's vanity—or the admiration of his friends—induced him to sit twice for his portrait. At the age of sixty Sir Godfrey Kneller painted him in a flowing perruque and wearing a sword; a shrewd handsome face on a spare lean body. In his hand is a pen, on the table a book. By all laws of fitness it should be an account book. In the background hangs an oval picture, or medallion, showing a butcher in long coat girt about with a girdle and steel, bearing on his shoulders the carcass of a sheep. Morley's pet idiosyncrasy—posing as the butcher—reappears to assert his most conspicuous virtue—consistency. As the poet Mason said of Laureate Whitehead: 'It would be vain to conceal that he was of low extraction. Let it then be boasted rather than whispered that he was the son of a baker.' In Morley's case concealment was undesired, though he was the son of a butcher, not of a baker.

CHARLOTTE FELL SMITH.

SOME TALK OF ALEXANDER.

EARLY on a morning in June in the year 1815, the people of a dull little town applauded an emperor. There he sat in his hurrying carriage, silent, with his quiet arms folded, gazing ahead. The motionless figure, clad in the dusty and stained uniform, topped by the wide curved black hat, was as familiar to the worshipping people as it is to us still, though they had never seen it before, and as remote from them also as it is from us now. The sight of it banished the thought of the army that had clattered and tramped in front of it away to the North; it overcame every remembrance. Even the interest they had taken in one another was gone; the Mayor himself was neglected, and so was the alien among them. Why should anyone heed an ugly little quadroon when Napoleon passes by?

Napoleon might have glanced at the boy, if he had known who he was, or if he had foreseen the greatness of his other renown. But he went to his last battle, aware of the setting of his fortunate star. No more triumphs for him, no more worlds to be conquered by this Alexander! It was not the vanishing dust of his army that held his grave eyes. Though his bent Roman face was as calm as when he had seen victory, he looked on disaster. Therefore he was deaf to applause, soon to be over. Now he is dust; and the people have vanished in turn. The alien, the little quadroon, lives with us still, not as he was on that morning, but strong in his manhood. It is just a hundred years since his birth; and that is, of course, an excellent reason for talking of him. Besides, it is always worth while to talk of Alexander Dumas.

Too much has been said of his life, for it is not to be praised, and of his times, for it was his misfortune to live when fools courted misfortune. He was born when Napoleon was Consul, and the laurels of Marengo were fresh; he died when his country was wrecked by another Napoleon. The sun of Austerlitz shone on his childhood; and the snows of the Terrible Year whitened his grave. After the tragedies of the French Revolution and the First Empire there came a harlequinade; and in it he bore a minor and ridiculous part. Then came the tragical end of it, just as he died.

If he had been no more than a farcical leader of mock revolu-

tions, a loud politician amid the froth and the tumult of surf after a tempest, he would have been as little to us as his vehement competitors are. But he was much more; and it is with that other Dumas, the writer, that we are concerned. He had blue blood and a brown face, agreeably African; he had a mop of black wool; he was huge—all this we know, as we do how he came to be thus, how a noble of Normandy—Antoine Alexandre de la Pailleterie—had a child by a negress named Marie Dumas, how he brought him from St. Domingo to France, how the boy—a gigantic mulatto—enlisted in the Republican army, and married the innkeeper's daughter at drowsy Villers-Cotterets on the moors of the North, how he rose in a couple of years to be a general, how he was taken by the enemy, how he returned from imprisonment to his wife, and soon died, almost penniless, leaving a three-year-old son, made in his likeness, our Alexander.

All this we are glad to remember. The martial and adventurous father, to whom liberty was all the more dear because he had been chained, to whom injustice was all the more hateful because he had suffered it from the hour of his birth; the blue blood and the black; the childhood at old Villers-Cotterets under the shadow of a castle, whose walls spoke of the past; these were vital: but the varying chances of his life, his absurdities, his animal loves, his fatal and contemptible times, those are good to forget.

Kings have a ghostly persistence, and so have great victors enveloped in the smoke of their fields. If anyone wishes to see such spectres distinctly, he is right in perusing the history of their lives to discover explanatory phrases or acts. But when a writer is shown at his best, and distinctly, in his books, it is well to be content without trying to see him as he was at his worst. Thus Alexander is shown—not, indeed, in most of the volumes he signed, but in the few that he made essentially his, despite the employment of helpers. The dramas he wrote in his raw beginning were copies, a schoolboy's, clever enough, but derived, tainted by the prevalent mood, the effete misunderstanding of Byron. But the best of the stories he wrote when he was old enough to be natural, when he had put off the solemnity of youth, are his own; and in these he appears plain, at his best, with the courtly grace of a gentleman of France and a negro's innocent and beguiling grin.

The style of those stories was new then, and welcome accordingly, and yet it was old. Take the first words of Don Quixote,

'En un Lugar de la Mancha, de cujo nombre no quiero racordarme, no ha mucho tiempo que vivia un hidalgo de los de lanza en astillero, adarga antigua, rocin flaco y galgo corredor.' There is Alexander's own touch; there is the smooth rapid stream of veracious narrative, lit by a rippling undercurrent of humour. Or open any one of Boccaccio's 'Novelle' at random: 'Certissima cosa è, se fede si può dare alle parole d'alcuni Genovesi e d'altri huomini che in quelle contrade stati sono, che nelle parti del Cattaio fu già un huomo di legnaggio nobile e ricco senza comparatione, per nome chiamato Nathan.' There is the same bright and delicate speed, the same modest truthfulness. Boccaccio's ripe elegance, and the sad and restrained bitterness that ennobled Cervantes' humour and made it the brighter because the ripple was seen to be over black depths, were not for Dumas; but their amiable manner was his.

Cervantes owed much to Boccaccio, and he in his turn was indebted to the wandering tellers fortunate enough to be born (as he was) before printing had begun to destroy the oldest of arts, Romance. When stories were meant to be told, not studied, they had to be simple and enthralling and swift. And this is why the oldest, the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' the 'Arabian Nights' and 'Le Morte Darthur,' for instance, are also the best. No doubt a portion of their primitive charm is due to the fact that their tellers and hearers were primitive—early light is over them all; but more must be ascribed to the need of enthralling the listening hunters and fighters and women whose hearts adventured with adventurous men. Now Alexander was primitive. Negroes carry under grey wool the immature brains of children. So did he, and the blood of those unaltered progenitors made him akin with the tellers who lived long ago. The old themes were near to his heart, battles and love and adventures in the good open air and the affection of comrades. The old methods were natural, and therefore he wrote as if he was talking to a circle of friends—gentlefolk all—by the communicating glow of a fire.

As for his debt to Cervantes, that was acknowledged when he introduced d'Artagnan: 'Traçons son portrait d'un seul trait de plume,' he wrote; 'figurez-vous Don Quichotte à dix-huit ans, Don Quichotte revêtu d'un pourpoint de laine, dont la couleur bleue s'était transformée en une nuance insaisissable de lie de vin et d'azur céleste.' Again it was owned when he mounted

him on a new Rosinante and provided him with the proper contrasted servant. How well he obeyed that wise rule, 'Make vivid by contrast,' when he painted the Three Musketeers—Quixotes all, even Porthos the fat and Aramis the pretty and sly—and their appropriate Sanchos! And then 'Eh bien! Athos, Porthos, Aramis et d'Artagnan, en avant!'

Still, though his one other character worthy to rank with these—Chicot—was a Quixote endowed with humour, and had his right Sancho, the Prior, the debt was a matter of form. If he copied 'Don Quixote' and those 'Novelas' inspired by Boccaccio and the long sequence of Italian 'Novelle,' it was without imitation of their deeper intent. So, too, while he had something of Rabelais' large gusto, he had none of his satire; while he had the Queen of Navarre's gaiety, he lacked her essential and feminine naughtiness. Perhaps if he had read none of these authors, instead of delighting in them all, as he did, his style would have been much the same when once he had grown to his mature immaturity. Perhaps the congenial examples but helped him to find his natural path. Even if they did no more, that was much, since so many writers are spoilt—as he was in his youth—by copying models uncongenial to them. This he was doing no longer, as he struck from the intricate paths of his time to the old simple way.

And in this he was helped by the modesty that came with his manhood. For vain though he was, he was modest; his vanity was always a child's, compatible with knowledge of weakness. His own limitations were evident to him in his prime, and so he succeeded. His work, he said, was 'tout en dehors'; he called himself 'vulgarisateur.' Both these indictments were true; but that did not vex him. Dickens and Scott should have pleaded guilty to them, though they never did, not being children. These faults were meritorious: his work was understood by the world because it was vulgar; it attracted because it dealt only with what could be seen.

The true 'Comédie Humaine' was his, not Balzac's. He could leave the dissection of secret desires and the probing of the hidden recesses of the heart to his brooding competitor; these were matter for students and of little account on the stage where all must be told outwardly. We know all his characters, as we know one another, from the outside. It is better so; for there is small happiness in knowing too much. Balzac could sit up all

night drinking black coffee, and sleep all day long, if he chose: that was not Alexander's way; *he* wanted sunlight and wine. 'Il embrasse,' Sainte-Beuve wrote of him, 'mais il n'étreint pas comme M. de Balzac.' Some of us prefer an embrace.

Sunlight and wine made his work sparkle and glow; his joy in them was shared with his readers, as the pleasure he took in his tales was, as all his goods were with his friends—all the gold he amassed, all the volumes he borrowed, all the ridiculous things he brought back with such triumph from his magnified journeys. And, above all, his confidence of triumph was shared. 'Victory, victory!' was his cry when he rushed home to his mother to tell of his first stroke of luck, and he whooped it whenever he had any kind of excuse; if a drama was welcomed—'Victory!' if he had succeeded in paying a big price for something that nobody else would take as a gift—'Victory!' if he had stolen a serviceable plot or idea—'Victory!' That triumphing mood made him triumphant. When sickness and disaster had ended it, he was to fail.

Failure was far from his prime, and success made him loving. Who ever wrote with such wealth of universal affection? He loved nearly all of his characters, every one of his readers, and, much more than either, himself. 'J'aime qui m'aime' was his motto, and, in acting on this, he took the affection of all for granted, since it was so plain to himself that he was worthy of love. When he was undeceived—as he was now and then—he was furious; but his hatreds were farcical; there would be a terrible rolling of eyeballs, a display of big teeth, and much loud declamation, and then there was an end of it.

Porthos was the character dearest to him, as was natural, since he was the one that resembled him most; he was Alexander made dull, but all the more lovable because there was nothing to leave his simplicity doubtful. An epicure and a glutton he was, and vain and susceptible and fond of fine clothes; and these and the rest of his qualities were drawn with a jovial exaggeration befitting an affectionate caricature. When Dumas laughed aloud as he wrote of him, he laughed at himself. Even his own boasts of his father's feats found reproduction: "Mon grandpère était un homme deux fois fort comme moi," dit Porthos. 'Oh! oh!' dit Aramis; 'C'était donc Samson, votre grandpère?' 'Non, il s'appelait Antoine.'" But Athos and d'Artagnan, Chicot, Dom Modeste, and how many more, were favourites also, and even the necessary villains were dear.

The worst of his villains were women—Milady and Catherine de' Medici, for instance—but their crimes were condoned by a chivalrous regard for their sex. 'What would you have? It is the animal's nature,' Alexander says, shrugging and smiling tenderly. That was his way with the multitude of women he loved in rapid succession. No good woman lives in his pages; Louise de la Vallière and Marguerite de Savoie were perhaps in accordance with his notion of goodness; but if so, that notion was odd. Most of his ladies are treacherous, selfish, and serenely immoral. Of course, the last of these qualities may have been one he considered a virtue—at least, in a story. 'Many emotions and no morals' was one of his rules.

Still, the fact that he fails so constantly in drawing his women, that they are mere puppets while his men are alive, suggests a suspicion that he who loved the sex to his cost hated it also, as so many libertines do. The women with whom he consorted were the worst he could find. If he had been wholly a negro they would have contented him; but that other inheritance, the strain he derived from gentlemen, may have led him to feel such hatred as his nature afforded, not the stark loathing that Maupassant had for his chosen companions, but a lenient dislike. Beyond doubt, he had cause for it, though, if it existed, it did not avail to keep him from them. Whenever he saw himself fooled or deserted, there was voluble rage and a stormy repentance; but then a new pretty face came in sight,—'En avant! Mousquetaire!'

His friends used to inform him, while he was rich, that he was born out of his time, was a French musketeer of the sixteenth or the seventeenth century sadly misplaced—which flattery was all the more welcome because it ignored his clouded descent. They had some excuse, as he showed when he depicted himself as Porthos, 'le bon et brave'; but it is open to question whether that descent did not cause the resemblance they noted, since vanity and the love of fine clothes and elaborate politeness are all signs of a negro. In any case, he was at home in the world of those days, and wrote of it therefore with an open delight and a consequent triumph. Then he was at his best; then his characters lived as he would have liked to have done; then he saw himself a swaggering, conquering Gascon musketeer.

Though the French part of his nature was Norman, the tropical blend had produced an excellent Gascon. If he, with his russet cheeks, had been taken for a Frenchman at all by strangers,

it could only have been for one born in the hotter and exuberant South. That consideration perhaps influenced his manner, which certainly reeked of garlic, and his accent, which naturally seemed to be due to softer Provence. There his heart was at home in the sun. From that land of sunlight and wine came many of his favourite heroes—d'Artagnan, Chicot, Henri de Navarre, and a regiment of minor Provençals. This sympathy with Gascons was fortunate, for it led him to turn to the most generous, amusing, and lovable type of the French, and so was the attraction the lives of the gay musketeers had for him when he found them related in an old volume that he opened by chance, for it guided him well. So did Scott's 'Quentin Durward'; that novel and this later attraction led him to the best of his themes. Could there be any better theme for Romance than the life of a hero whose business it is to defend a terrible king?

Our world is too old for Romance. Progress has robbed us of that pleasant old art, giving us, alas! in its stead, an empirical science. But in the young days when it throve kings were terrible still, mysteriously uplifted, apart. The imminence of unlimited power, mystery, splendour, horrible risks and the chance of enormous rewards—these were all added to tales by the appearance of princes. So princes, whether caliphs or sultans, emperors or kings or mere dukes, were regarded as almost essential to a popular tale. If a squire of low degree was admitted to the rank of a hero, it was but on condition that he married a princess, and he was expected to prove royal descent. 'Sing the wrath of Achilles,' Homer began royally; the first words of the 'Arabian Nights' told of a monarch of Persia; 'Le Morte Darthur' commenced with the name of Uther Pendragon. Now princes are fallen: what poet would write 'Sing the wrath of the Emperor William'?

That is one of the reasons why Romance can but deal with a day that is past. There are others; for even in the earliest days men were apt to know rather too much about contemporary monarchs, and wanted to hear of ones looming colossal from the mist of the past; and they, like us, hearkened in the hope of forgetting habitual cares. These requisites—the glamour of distance and the shadow of a sceptre—were found by Dumas accidentally when he saw himself strut as a king's musketeer. It was to be his misfortune to prove that he found them in ignorance by writing a number of unreadable tales. There may

be some who have read all he wrote, but most of us lay most of his books down with a sigh. 'Les Quarante-Cinq,' 'La Dame de Monsoreau,' 'La Reine Margot,' 'Les Trois Mousquetaires,' 'Vingt Ans Après,' and the best of them all, 'Le Vicomte de Bragelonne,' are not among those. Happy is he who has read them early and often. In all of these the heroes are guards or companions of a dangerous king; in all the times are just distant enough; in all the tales are delightful while the scenes are in France, but tedious if the frontier is crossed. D'Artagnan has only to come to England, and at once he is altered to a fatuous bore; for the most important of all the requisites of Romance is an atmosphere fit for a tale.

Scott wrote one real romance in prose—'Quentin Durward.' Even 'The Bride of Lammermoor' is merely a novel. The atmosphere of 'Quentin' is French, and bestows on it an alien vivacity; but 'Kenilworth,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'Old Mortality,' and even 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' lumber in a heavier air. It is so with all English tales. Even 'Esmond' is only illumined by gleams of romance. It is true that our own days have seen an exception—'The Forest Lovers'; but where is its necessary Forest of Morgraunt? And it is true that 'Le Morte Darthur' dealt also with England; but where are its scenes? Tintagel we have, but Broceliande is leafy no more. If (as there is reason to think) the tales of King Arthur and his knights were invented in Brittany, that would account for the choice of an unvisited land. But there was no glamour in Sherwood; Robin and his archers were only making believe.

Why are Tennyson's 'Idylls' so puny a rendering of Malory's legends? Because he was writing of England. In that admirably English 'Memoir' of his it is told that when he happened to visit Lyme Regis and saw the Undercliff there he said, 'This exactly represents some of the romantic landscape before my mind's eye in the "Idylls"—little winding glades closed all round with grassy mounds and wild shrubs, where one might fancy the sudden appearance of a knight riding or a spell-bound damsel.' Now that Undercliff is pretty. Its shrubs are extremely wild and its bracken is remarkably tall, and its hawthorns are several feet high. One could manage to lose one's way in its tangle for a minute or so, if one tried very hard. But it is not the dark forest that Tristram and Launcelot knew. Neither does the Isle of Wight's miniature loveliness greatly resemble it. Because

Tennyson's heroes played hide-and-seek in such scenes their adventures are paltry. When in the last two of his 'Idylls' he rose towards the height of his theme, it was because playtime was over and the pretty surroundings were hidden by darkness and mist.

The English race is renowned for strong common sense and a lucrative devotion to business—at least, it used to be once; which laudable qualities are antipathetic to Romance. But the martial and amorous and fantastic behaviour of the French of old days chimed with it. And their country—wide, smooth, unencumbered, crossed by the long, open roads where the poplars stood sentries like tall grenadiers, and enclosing dim towns and that huddled and tragical city, Paris—was as prone to inspire an urgent romance as their qualities were, and as was the kind, vigorous air, not made dull by too much of the sun nor harsh by too little. Then why is Alexander Dumas the only romancer of latter-day France? Because the country is altered and the race is corrupt. The green forest wherein Mademoiselle de Maupin adventured smells of patchouli.

Alexander was the last of the ancients; and even his vices were wholesome. His wildest imaginings have the same fundamental sanity that limited Scott while it made his inventions so credible. He was limited too by that air and those scenes. No tempests, no thundering breakers, no mountains, no forests influenced his fancy; it hastened through meadows or flamed in that hotbed of passion, Paris. What benignity and speed it acquired from that delicate air! He took his big jumps at a gallop. No reader has time to reflect whether it is likely that General Monk was packed in a case, or whether even French soldiers would turn from attacking a town before daylight to chase the fox with guns. The packing-case is a matter of course, a happy thought; and the still more surprising arrival of the hunters is only a proof that Porthos was destined to die.

Another thing that makes Scott and Dumas credible is their natural ease. A plain style can do much to make a story seem plain. Scott wrote with ease (or with negligence, rather), partly to show his breeding, since he held that a pen was not a gentleman's weapon, and partly because he considered that fiction was the lowest of all forms of literature, and still more because he was lazy. Dumas wrote with ease because life was too precious to him to be wasted on labour, and his pen was his favourite toy.

If they had taken a little more pains, had revised their best work as Shakespeare did his, they might have earned places nearer to Shakespeare. On the other hand, they might have but lessened the pleasure we share. We have cause to be glad of their negligence, we who have been pained by the painful exhibition of ignorance paraded as knowledge—we who have suffered so much from writers whose euphuism seems to be modelled on Scott's horrid caricature instead of on the musical language of Sidney's *Arcadia*.

It made them credible also in a different way; it kept them from contradicting tradition. Romancers are asked to deceive, not to undeceive. Historical persons must be drawn in accordance with tradition, or else their portraiture only impedes the attempt to delude. Neither Scott nor Dumas ever clashed with it. Scott did not trouble about drawing from life when he painted Elizabeth: Good Queen Bess of the legends was his popular model, and that tinselled lay-figure was drawn with such skill that his image appeared to be living. Ignoring disagreeable facts and all the vexatious complexity of feminine nature, he painted a woman that men—even Englishmen—found comprehensible, in whose familiar existence they were quick to believe. If his portrait was gloriously false, what was that to the readers whose national pride and personal complacency he flattered? Still, he had a conscience; he never drew Henry the Eighth or Charles the First, though the lives and the times of those kings were dramatic and romantic; he even hinted the truth about Mary Queen of Scots while avoiding the vital romance and drama of her luckless career. Indeed, it is probable that something besides negligence led him to buttress the common beliefs; there was his national wisdom to keep him from offending his readers by showing their ignorance; there was his own conservative respect for tradition.

Dumas had no conscience; and yet his pictures of monarchs resembled them more than did Scott's. This was due to the fact that the French were not so easily fooled as the English, who accepted a Good Queen Bess or a Bluff King Hal at their own valuation so loyally. French tradition was true in the main, though it exaggerated Louis Quatorze and gave impossible crimes to Catherine de' Medici, chiefly because she was Italian. The greatness of Louis' and Catherine's infamy suited Dumas; he would have been the last to impugn a convenient belief.

We owe much to him and to Scott: gratitude, admiration, and

love; but also a grudge. What have we not borne from the followers that copy their faults? And of that wearisome tribe Alexander's illiterate pupils are surely the worst. General Dumas once threw his regiment over a wall (at least, his son said he did), pitching his soldiers across it in turn, and then bounded after. Would that Alexander could give his pedestrian troop a similar lift! He bounded over the wall into the kingdom of Romance (and how lightly!), but the best of them fail.

King Pandion he is dead:
All his knights are lapped in lead.

Dead after much tribulation and the long martyrdom of conscious decay. But he lives with us still, radiant as he was in his prime. The curs that yelped at his heels are silent, and his troubles are over; but his laughter is with us,—the years have not taken his contagious delight.

Small men still labour to belittle Napoleon; but scandal cannot hurt Alexander: *dat veniam corvis*. No detectives can earn shameful bread by toiling to misrepresent his vast evil behaviour. We know it, for his faults—like his work—were 'tout en dehors'; and when all is said, he was not black, he was an agreeable brown. When all is said, we repeat the homage Thackeray paid him in this Magazine, 'O thou brave, kind, gallant, old Alexandre. I hereby offer thee tribute.' Who renders such affectionate homage to the ghost of Napoleon? The glories of victors and emperors vanish like the dust of their fields, like the diadems pass. The laurels of the writer remain.

FRANK MATHEW.

THE HERO'S LAST ENGAGEMENT.

WHEN the Hero found himself alone with the conviction (indicated by a pleasant smile) that he was not likely to be disturbed by any member of his family, he began to reflect (and the smile became slightly derisive) that, primarily, he was not so much surprised at his own good fortune as at the amazing fact that his wife had no knowledge of it. That morning he had woken up as usual with a vague feeling of regret that he had not died in the night, and he had left his bed, earlier than usual (and very reluctantly), because his wife had reminded him that some friends of hers were coming to play croquet in the afternoon, and that the lawn ought to be rolled before the dew was off it. While he was rolling it, the postman flitted up on a bicycle, and he had asked the man if there was a registered letter. Why had he done so? He was not expecting a registered letter, and, as a rule, he never opened his letters till after breakfast, because they were sure to contain something or other potent enough to take the edge off an appetite never too keen. And always—but *always*!—he had been constrained to share with his wife what news, good or bad, they might hold. Again, he had read his registered letter, his wonderful letter, on the lawn in the full blaze of the morning sun, and he could not doubt that some expression of surprise, some gesture, had revealed its import. Three windows on the second storey of Pembroke Lodge overlooked the lawn, and behind each of them, at 8.15 A.M., a woman was dressing. At breakfast he had met his wife and daughters with a blush that aroused no comment! And—what a wretched actor he was!—during breakfast he had betrayed his excitement a score of times, and the others, those lynx-eyed women, had been looking everywhere except into his tell-tale face.

The Hero chuckled softly, as he lit his cigar. Then he sat down to read for the second time his letter from Fairyland:

‘To Major-General Henry Paganel, V.C., C.B.

‘Sir,—We beg to advise you of the sudden death of our late client, your kinsman, Mr. James Paganel, who expired at his club in Melbourne last Tuesday. Mr. Paganel, we believe, had not the honour of your acquaintance, but he was proud to count himself

of kin to so famous and distinguished a soldier. He has shown his appreciation of your services to the Empire by making you his residuary legatee. And we are in a position to state that after various legacies have been paid, a sum of at least one hundred and thirty thousand pounds will accrue to you. This money is at present invested in sound industrial enterprises.

'We shall be happy to act for you, as we have acted for many years for your lamented kinsman; and, if it be possible, we would urge the propriety of your coming to Australia at a reasonably early date.

'We have the honour to be, &c., &c.'

The Hero lay back in his well-worn chair, smoking and thinking. It had come at last, this material prosperity which he had sought so vainly for more years than he cared to reckon. Had it come—too late?

Sitting there, he held an accounting; and presently he struck a balance with a nice sense of knowing how and where he stood. Some men, and most women, unconsciously falsify the entries in their private ledgers, assigning to profit what should be reckoned as loss—believing themselves to be solvent when they ought to know they are bankrupt. But the Hero lived in no Fool's Paradise. He had failed, *failed*, FAILED, in all things essential to true happiness. To begin with, he had married a Bargus—and he might have married—ah! what folly to pursue that will-o'-the-wisp! The wrong woman had borne him the wrong children. That, of course, was to be expected; but it was hard on a fellow to see what was with eyes so keenly apprehensive of what might have been. If Nature had spread a kindly film such as obscured the vision of so many parents, but no—the dame had given him a hawk's eyesight and insight to match it. And he had failed where the world said that he had succeeded—in his profession. A tempestuous petticoat had waved above his quarters. He had fought, most gallantly, under two flags, trying to serve his Queen and his Emily, and it was said by the Man in the Street that the greater had been served less faithfully than the less. Lastly, both at home and abroad, he had always been hard up; in chronic debt to governesses, doctors, and tradesmen, who were paid in full, but never when their bills fell due.

Now he was rich. Yet he frowned, as he sat in his comfortable chair, because those riches must be shared with Mrs. Paganel and

her daughters, and he knew so well what use they would make of them. He could hear their shrill voices making plans for the future, a future which promised neither peace nor pleasure for him; he could see the house which his Emily would elect to live in and fill with her relations!

'I shall not tell Emily to-day,' he said, as he threw away the stump of his cigar.

II

A week passed, and still his Emily was not told of the many thousands over seas. The Hero acknowledged the lawyers' letter, and said that a visit to the Antipodes would receive his serious consideration. But at first he considered nothing save the fact that his Emily *did not know*. Her ignorance upon many matters vital to their joint lives had always exasperated him, not because he was intolerant of ignorance and stupidity and conceit, but for the subtler reason that these qualities were yoked to his intelligence by his own act, not hers. He had wished to marry the daughter of Dean Bargas, he had wooed her ardently, he had wedded her triumphantly, and before the honeymoon had waned he knew what he had done. And (here you will perceive the Hero) he had confronted this crushing disaster in silence. Now, for the first time, her ignorance tickled agreeably his humour. Upon the third night after the arrival of the fateful letter, sitting with his back to the treacherous lamp, he asked his Emily what she would do if a 'plum' fell into her mouth.

'Your wife, Henry,' she replied contemptuously, 'is never likely to be rich. What? If we had an income of five thousand a year—well, I flatter myself that I should make five go as far as, or farther than, some people make ten!'

'I am quite sure you would,' he replied gravely.

He listened to Grace and Ernestine with a faint smile upon his lips, while they discussed with animation the radical changes that five thousand a year would make in their lives. Of himself, however, no mention was made by these young ladies. The third daughter, Lesbia, just back from school and not yet 'out,' quite surprised him when she asked, 'And what would you do, Daddy, if a fortune were left to you?'

'I don't know,' the Hero answered slowly.

By the end of the week a question was gripping him by the throat. Would it be conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentle-

man to give his family two-thirds of the Australian pile, and to take what was left and indefinite leave of absence? Would such a retreat be deemed honourable? Suppose, to put it plainly, that he set sail for the Antipodes—the word whetted his fancy—and *never came back*? To cast aside that worn moth-eaten garment, his past, to clothe himself in new and shining tissues, seemed inexpressibly alluring. Surely in that far-away country he might find peace and a few sunset years of happiness!

About this time the court milliner, Nathalie, sent in her bill. It amounted to 73*l.* 9*s.* 5*d.* Although Mrs. Paganel had incurred this particular debt without consulting the Hero, she complained bitterly because there was no ready money to meet it. In her family (so the Hero was told for the thousand and first time), all bills were paid upon the Saturday preceding the first Sunday of each month, whereby a Bergus could take the Sacrament fortified by the knowledge that he owed no man, or woman, anything. Whereupon the Hero mildly remarked that he supposed going to Court must be vital to one's welfare, like going to church (he was aware that his Emily would no more miss the one than the other); and Mrs. Paganel replied querulously that she and the girls had done more than could be expected of them by taking a 'bus to and from Nathalie's, and by eating their luncheon in that stuffy top room at the Stores!

'You can give the bothering woman something on account. I have promised her that.'

The Hero said pleasantly that Madame could rely on receiving the odd nine shillings and fivepence. If he had to do without smoking, she should have the money. The word of a Bergus should not be dragged in the dust of Bond Street.

None the less, when he was alone he ground his teeth. Was a Paganel less punctilious in aught that concerned the much defamed word 'honour' than a Bergus? And yet, and yet, for a quarter of a century, a Bergus had imputed blame to a Paganel, because the Paganel was not able to pay the bills incurred by the Bergus. And behind this inadequate adjustment of ways and means, behind this intolerable condition of robbing Peter to pay Paul, lay a gibbering skeleton of a reason: he had been awarded the greatest prize his Sovereign could bestow—in *bronze*; that he had earned it none doubted; and because he had outstripped all competitors in the struggle for Glory, it was to be expected, in the eyes of a Bergus, that he would be equally successful in the

struggle for Gold. And therefore, the conclusion was inevitable to a Bargus, the Gold being, so to speak, in sight, if not in hand, could and must be freely used in maintaining the position to which Glory was entitled. And somehow or other, as has been said, the Bargus logic proved sound, the Gold did come after poignant difficulties and heart-breaking delay. It had come now, and the fact would illumine and justify dun days and years of doubt. He could hear his Emily saying, in accents smooth as mayonnaise sauce, 'I trusted in my God, and He, Henry, has approved my conduct.' Having said this, she would take the five thousand a year and try (with what pitiful and ignominious effort), to make it go as far as, or farther than, ten!

Here, it may be asked, perhaps irritably, why the Hero, whose very name was a synonym for valour, did not take the gold the gods had sent him, pay Madame Nathalie and the others, and for the future use it wisely according to the lights vouchsafed him? Shall we admit moral cowardice, borrowing the word from General Paganel's enemies, or shall we retort with his friends that the fine-fibred soul of a gallant gentleman revolted from the inevitable vituperation, the ponderous attack, the impenetrable stupidity of a—Bargus!

From all this he was tempted to run away, but, being a Hero, he did not.

A month passed, and at the end of it Lady Orcas came to Pembroke Lodge. The elder sister of Mrs. Paganel, Jane Martineau Bargus, had married Sir Sandford Orcas, a Wiltshire baronet of many acres, and a pedigree which included royal descents! When Lady Orcas had any shopping to do in Town, she found it convenient to occupy the spare room in her sister's house at Hampstead; and after these visitations Mrs. Paganel, who was familiarly known to the tradesmen of Finchley Road as 'The Duchess,' assumed for a season a manner and deportment which had been described by the Hero as—viceregal.

It chanced that two days after her arrival a letter with an Australian stamp upon it was laid beside her plate at breakfast. The Hero eyed the stamp with a full sense of its esoteric significance—for him. He watched his sister-in-law break the seal, and heard her explain to Emily that a nephew of Sir Sandford owned a large run in the back-blocks, whatever that might mean, and that he was really a very nice young fellow, and had done uncommonly well; a bachelor, too, and coming home shortly,

when—here she paused and eyed Grace and Ernestine with such kindly interest that she quite forgot to finish her sentence. Then she read her letter through, gasped, opened wide a pair of very prominent light blue eyes, and addressed the Hero.

‘Henry,’ she said, ‘was the late James Paganel, of—er—Melbourne, a kinsman of yours?’

‘I believe so,’ said the Hero, nervously putting a spoonful of marmalade upon the top of his kidney.

‘Um,’ said Lady Orcas. ‘This is very strange. My nephew writes that this gentleman has left a large fortune—to you.’

‘A large fortune to Henry,’ repeated Mrs. Paganel. ‘My fervent prayers have been answered. My dear, dear husband!’

‘Surely, surely,’ continued Lady Orcas, ‘you have received some word of this—something—er—official?’

The eyes of the family enfiladed the Hero.

‘Ye-es,’ he stammered. ‘I have heard s-s-something about it.’

‘When did you hear, Henry?’ demanded his wife.

‘Five weeks ago, last Tuesday,’ replied the Hero. His fingers were trembling, but a steady light burned in his eyes. He had begun to smell powder.

‘Five weeks ago last Tuesday! You knew we were in urgent need of money, and—How much is this fortune?’

‘About one hundred and thirty thousand pounds!’

‘And you have said nothing about it to—me?’

‘I had plenty to say, my dear, but I did not quite know how to say it. I suppose I must try to say it now.’

He had the air of a man at bay, but this was unnoticed by the women.

‘I should like to hear what you have to say, Henry.’

Lady Orcas strengthened her sister’s request: ‘We should indeed, like very much to hear what you have to say, Henry Paganel.’ She worried his name, setting her strong white teeth into it. It occurred to the Hero that bad as things were they might have been worse. If he had taken Jane—

He rose slowly, with a faint smile upon his lips, a smile overshadowed by the drooping grey moustache. ‘That’s just it,’ he began. ‘I am not sure that you will like what I have got to say. I’ve put off saying it for, let me see, more than twenty-five years—’

‘You have known of this fortune for five-and-twenty years?’ exclaimed his Emily.

‘Shush-h-h!’ said Lady Orcas.

The Hero glanced round the table. Upon the faces of the daughters of the late Dean Bargus, upon the faces of Ernestine and Grace lay an expression of amazement sharpened by displeasure; but upon the face of his youngest daughter, Lesbia, he marked a glimmering smile.

'I am going to appeal,' he continued, 'to a sense given to few good women, a sense, Emily, as conspicuously lacking in you as perhaps common-sense is lacking in me—I mean the sense of humour.'

'Good gracious!' exclaimed Lady Orcas. 'The sun was very powerful yesterday, and'—she appealed to heaven—'what does he mean?'

'You will never know,' said the Hero gently, 'never! You are a Bargus, my dear Jane, a Bargus.' He also shook her name in his teeth. 'I am really wasting your time and my own by speaking at all; still, if you insist——'

'We do insist,' said Lady Orcas solemnly, 'but I suggest that Lesbia should leave the room.'

'Leave the room, Lesbia!' commanded the Hero. The girl stared, hesitated, pouted, smiled, and obeyed. There was a tone in her father's voice which she had never heard before: a tone familiar enough to the men of his old regiment. The Hero sighed and addressed his wife:

'Twenty-five years ago, Emily, we married; and ever since my life has been a life of dishonourable exertion, because I have overworked mind, body, and spirit in the effort to earn a sum of money larger—that is the point, mark you—larger, always larger, than what was necessary for the health and happiness of persons in our condition. And so five weeks ago, when I learned that a hundred and thirty thousand pounds had come to me, I knew that it would be spent, as the other was spent, upon the social advancement of yourself, Emily, and your daughters, an advancement not to be accomplished without a large increase of worry and annoyance—and—er—humiliation to me. Strange as it may appear, my dears, I considered myself rather than you. And it pleased me—yes, it undoubtedly pleased me—to think that I had this money, and that you knew absolutely nothing about it. When I asked you what you would do if a large income fell into your hands, every word you said confirmed my resolution to keep it for the present out of them. You see no humour in the situation, Jane?'

'Humour?' snapped Lady Orcas, rising with dignity. 'I see selfishness in the situation, and ingratitude, and a gross want of

consideration for a perfect wife ; but humour—no, unless it be bad humour. I shall retire, Emily, from this painful scene. If it were not so early in the morning I should suspect Henry of being under the influence of al-co-hol ! As it is, I advise him to consult a physician, a brain specialist, as soon as possible.'

The Hero opened the door for his sister-in-law.

'I trust,' he said courteously, 'that any infirmity of mine will not prevent you, dear Jane, from making use of my house whenever you come to Town.'

'My unhappy sister will need what comfort and consolation I can offer her,' was the august lady's reply. 'Come, girls!'

She swept from the room, followed by Ernestine and Grace. The young ladies, it is true, paused upon the threshold and looked back, meeting their father's eyes, which were gleaming strangely. They opened their lips, but the Hero raised his hand and pointed to the door. Perhaps that simple gesture revealed a power and authority known and respected everywhere except at Pembroke Lodge. The girls closed their lips and went out.

General Paganel smiled wistfully at his wife. 'I have been a sorry husband, Emily, sorrier perhaps for you than for myself. My day's work has always left me too tired to seek anything except peace : an ignominious peace. I have given you everything I possessed, except the one thing you needed most : a bit of my mind—my mind which has rotted in silence. You have what is left of it now—too late, I fear, to be of service to either you or me.'

Mrs. Paganel gasped and stared. So Balaam may have gasped and stared when his faithful ass lifted up its voice and spake. For a moment she was dumb, because the foundations of a life were crumbling. She had told herself, she had been assured by others, that Henry Paganel was the most fortunate of men inasmuch as he had secured a Bargus for a helpmeet. During a quarter of a century she had been convinced that as wife, mother, friend, and neighbour she had proved incomparable. If at times she was vaguely sensible that she had imposed upon her husband her ideas, her wishes, her beliefs, were not those ideas, beliefs, and wishes the right ones?—the epitome and expression of conduct and culture according to the interpretation placed upon those sacred words by her own father. 'I can say this,' and she said it sooner or later to every person of her acquaintance, 'I am appreciated in my own home.'

Being a Bargus, however, she was unable to comprehend all

that her husband left unsaid. And the habit of the last word was not lightly to be shaken off. When she spoke her voice betrayed the virago.

'How dare you—how dare you!' she exclaimed vehemently. 'My sister is right: you must be insane to talk to me—to *me*—like this. Have I deserved it? I ask Heaven the question, Have I deserved it?'

'Heaven,' replied the Hero gravely, 'does not answer foolish questions, but I will. No one gets what he or she deserves in this world, my dear Emily, and I trust that the Heaven you invoke will be as merciful to us in the next. It is not your fault that you are—you.'

'My *fault*?' She looked thunderstruck.

'And because of that I have been too lenient. After our honeymoon I realised that it would be futile and fatuous to try to change a *Bargus*. Such a change, if it be possible, must come from within. But I was criminally culpable in that I suffered you to change me, to do what you liked with my life as well as your own. Don't speak! For five-and-twenty years you have had your way and say. It is now my turn. It is my humble conviction, Emily, that I have been *forced* to speak—how reluctantly you will never know. I have bridged a silence which was as a river between us. I have crossed a Rubicon indeed. And so at last we stand side by side. I have always known you; but you have never known me.'

The Hero, gazing at his Emily's familiar features, marked a change. Was it the subtle change which precedes a moral dissolution?

III

Presently he found himself alone in his library, where a big sheaf of proofs was awaiting him. He had been beguiled by his Emily and an enterprising publisher to write his '*Life*,' forty years of a soldier's strenuous endeavour; and he had consented, reluctantly, sensible that such a life, set forth by himself, and already advertised amongst forthcoming publications as '*The Autobiography of a Successful Soldier*,' must prove a false record. Now, as he lit his pipe, he reflected that want of money had ceased to be an adequate excuse for what he had done. How easy it would be to hold his flaming spill to the edge of that lying document! A minute later he was gazing derisively at its charred remains.

Lesbia entered the room as the proofs were smouldering into grey ashes.

'Well, Lesbia——' The Hero looked at his youngest daughter with uplifted brows, unable to interpret the expression upon her face. Was it curiosity? Or did she want—backsheesh?

Lesbia perched herself upon the arm of a chair. The Hero idly noted that either Ernestine or Grace would have sat in the chair. Then his face cleared, although Lesbia's was puckering into frowns.

'You said just now,' she began, 'that a sense of humour was seldom given to good women. I'm bad, but I have a sense of humour. It may be—what d'ye call it?—elementary, but it's there all the same, and—and as you hadn't found it out for yourself, I thought, you know, that I would come and tell you about it.'

A pensive smile flickered into her hazel eyes and lifted the corners of her mouth. The Hero eyed her attentively, while his mind took a swallow's flight into the past, skimming straight to the cradles in the nursery, wherein he had looked for his children and had found only his Emily's.

'Thank you,' said the Hero absently.

'I also wanted to tell you,' continued Lesbia, rather nervously, 'that when you ordered me out of the dining-room, I listened at the door. A Bargus would have scorned that—but I am not a—Bargus. And I'm jolly glad I did. Daddy,' she leaned towards him with cheeks aglow, 'you were awfully beefy, but why didn't you—er—engage the enemy before?'

'I'm hanged if I know,' said General Paganel, slowly. Then he added: 'Perhaps, Lesbia, I was afraid; perhaps I felt that a victory might cost me more than it was worth.'

Lesbia looked derisive.

'You don't agree with me?' he continued, after a significant pause.

'Rather not,' she replied curtly. 'I dare say, you dear modest Daddy, you don't know your own strength, but I'll bet you sixpence that mother knows it now, and her own weakness. She's crying her eyes out; and I never saw her cry before. And Grace and Ernestine look just as they did when they thought I was in for the smallpox—like scared cats! And Aunt Jane,' Lesbia chuckled wickedly, 'is reading Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs"! I call this a Waterloo; only—dear me!—it ought to have been fought ages before I was born.'

The Hero crossed the room and kissed his daughter. She returned his kisses warmly, and then sniffed.

'Why, there's something burning!' She glanced at the grate. 'What is it?'

'My "Life,"' said her father.

'Your——' she glared at him, 'your—"Life"?'

He nodded.

'But everybody wanted to read that. It has been so—so full——'

'Of what, Lesbia?'

She hesitated; and the Hero bit his tongue. If she swooped on the question what should he say? He could not explain to a child. Lesbia did swoop, unerringly.

'Was it full of—husks?'

The Hero grew very pale. Then he had indeed a daughter his own flesh and blood: a creature of sympathies, intuitions, and tenderness. He was tempted to spare her, to lie to her, but he was wise enough to know that the lie would stand between them for ever.

'What I have burnt was of no value—husks, as you say,' he answered hoarsely.

'But it was your—"Life,"' she persisted; 'what you have done, what you have said, what you have written.'

'But not, Lesbia, what I have felt. I dared not print that.'

'Father—don't you think it would do you good to tell somebody—*me*, for instance—what you have bottled up all these years?'

'That would be the story of the life I might have lived, my child.'

'Yes; tell it—tell it!'

She sat upon the arm of his chair and leaned her head against his. The Hero sighed, and let himself go for the second time that eventful morning. Only now he said nothing of what had been; but of that other life, the inner un-lived life, he drew a picture so vivid, so 'seizing' (to use the French word) that the girl at his side trembled and burst into tears.

'You might have done all that!' she gasped.

'I have done it all—in my dreams,' he answered; 'and, Lesbia, I have one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, and—dry your eyes, my child!—and a daughter who understands me, and,' his voice rang out clearly and youthfully, 'I am not dead yet.'

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

